

# Life

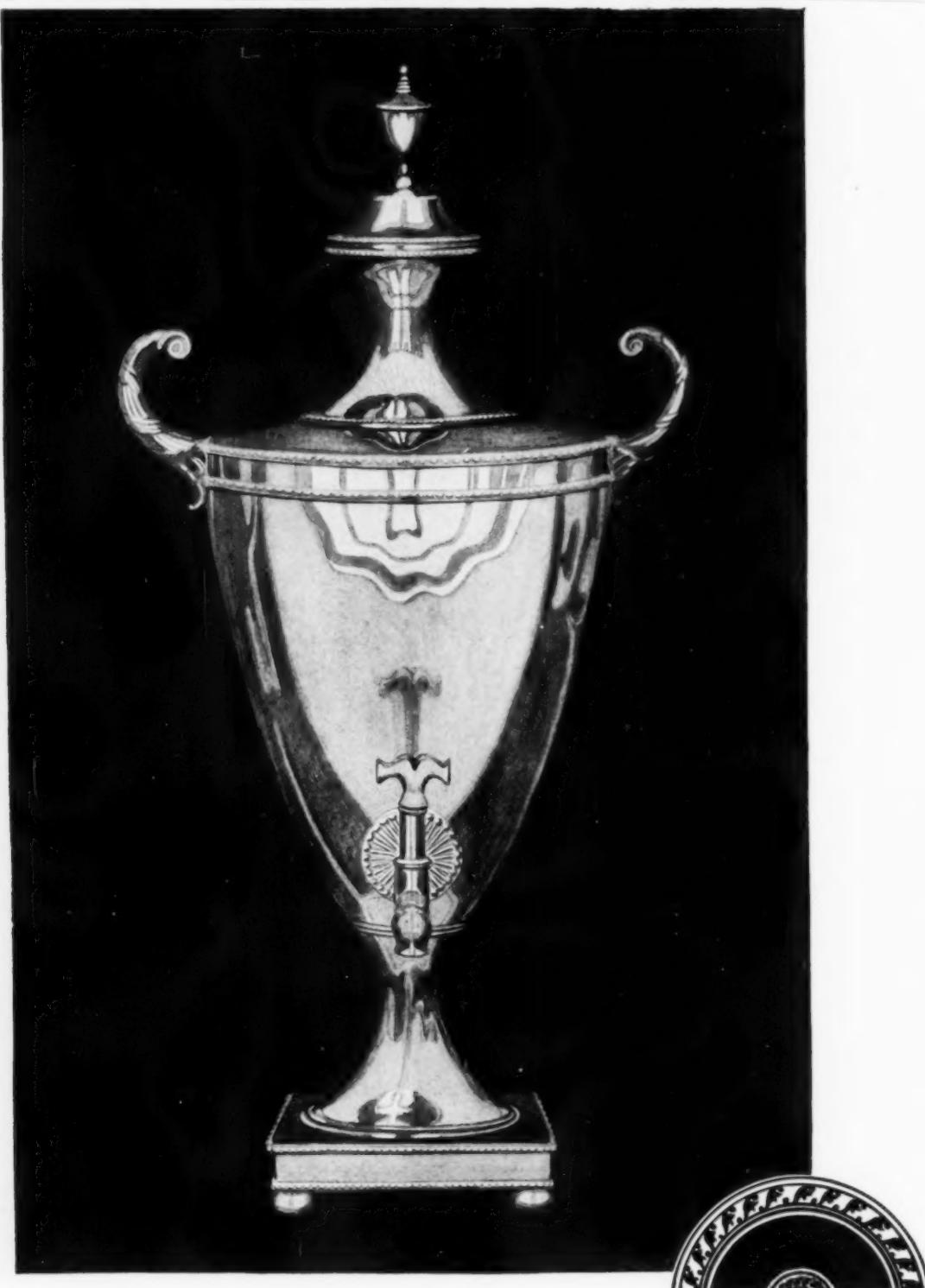


JUNE 5, 1924

*Two degrees in the shade*

PRICE 15 CENTS

**COMMENCEMENT NUMBER**



*Sterling Silver endowed with slender grace by skillful workmen seems to say all the things we feel about the native beauty of precious metals, and the warmer beauty of human handicraft at its best moments. This fullness of artistic expression, with all the domestic associations of fine silverware, suit it admirably to be the bride's gift.*

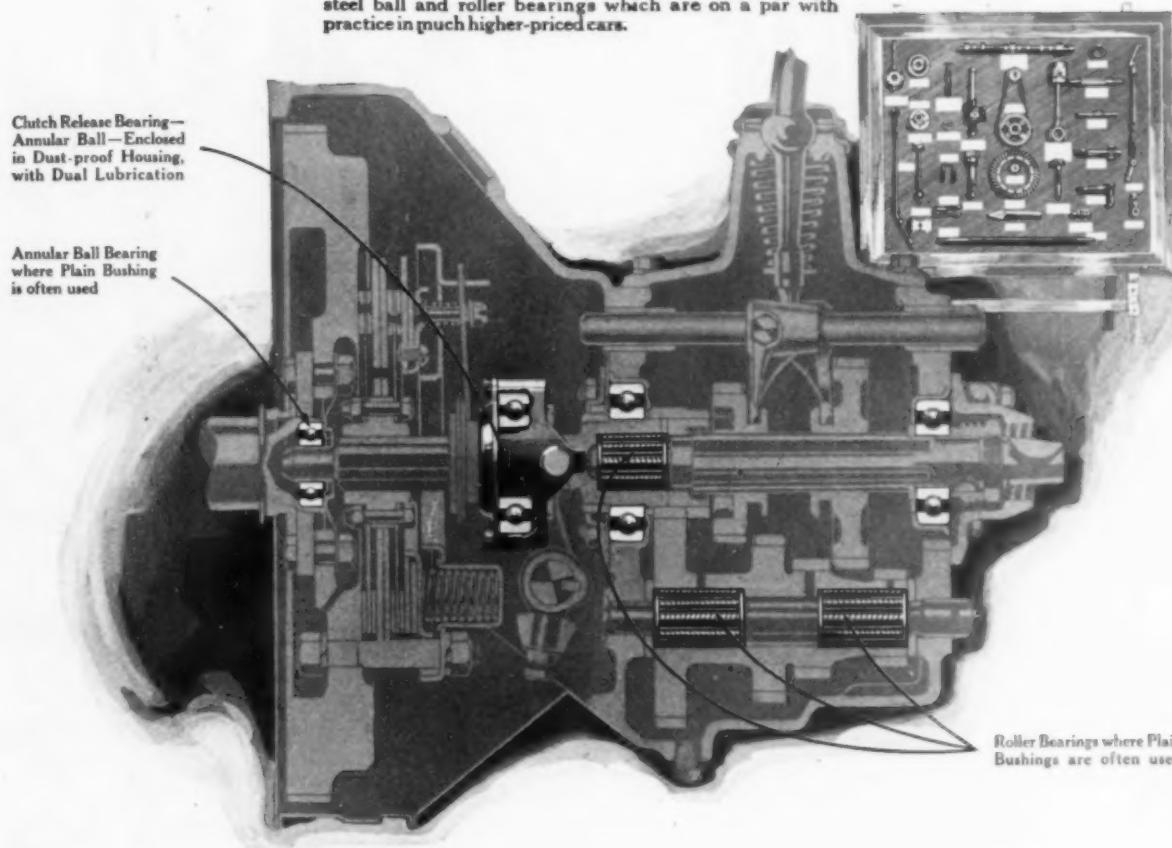


**BLACK  
STARR  
AND  
FROST**  
JEWELERS

FIFTH AVENUE  
CORNER FORTY-EIGHTH STREET  
NEW YORK

114th YEAR

The parts-displays which our dealers are showing exhibit the transmission shafts, the gears, and the chrome nickel steel ball and roller bearings which are on a par with practice in much higher-priced cars.



## Quality Identical With Highest-Priced Cars

There is a limit to motor car quality; and it might well be supposed that only the highest priced cars reach that limit.

But at point after point the Hupmobile displays quality identical with cars of topmost cost.

The Hupmobile clutch and transmission are a striking instance.

They are equipped throughout with roller and annular ball bearings of chrome-nickel steel, while plain bushings are common practice in many cases—as the tables show.

These things are hidden away from sight, and the owner rarely if ever needs to give them a thought.

Satisfaction—downright and complete—is what the buyer wants when he chooses the Hupmobile; and it is our business to build our car so that he is *sure* of getting it.

**Hupp Motor Car Corporation**  
Detroit, Michigan

**Hupmobile**

### Graphic Comparisons That Help to Prove Why Hupmobile is So Well Worth its Price

Table No. 1, printed in *italics*, represents the highest-priced cars in America. You will note how closely the Hupmobile follows their high-quality practice, as evidenced by the type of transmission bearings. Table No. 2 shows cars in the Hupmobile price field. You see at a glance how much better Hupmobile construction is; and why the Hupmobile is noted for longer life and freedom from trouble. Plain bushings, usually made of bronze, listed so frequently below, are the least expensive and the shortest-lived of all bearings. All these Hupmobile annular ball and roller bearings are costly, long-lasting chrome nickel steel.

	Clutch Gear Shaft Front Bearing	Transmission Main Shaft Front Bearing	Counter Shaft Gear Bearing	Clutch Release Bearing	Hupmobile, in order to make sure that the clutch release bearing is sufficiently and continuously lubricated, without depending entirely on the use of a hand grease gun every 500 or 1000 miles, provides dual lubrication. Automatic and reliable lubrication is had from the transmission through a specially drilled hole in the clutch gear shaft, the grease being retained in the shaft-root bearing of the clutch release bearing. In addition, a means for pressure grease gun lubrication is also provided.
<b>Table No. 1</b> <b>Hupmobile</b>	<b>Annular ball</b>	<b>Roller</b>	<b>Roller</b>	<b>Annular ball Special housed</b>	
<i>Car No. 1</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
<i>Car No. 2</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
<i>Car No. 3</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
<i>Car No. 4</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
<i>Car No. 5</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
<b>Table No. 2</b>					
<i>Car No. 1</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 2</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 3</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain thrust</i>	
<i>Car No. 4</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 5</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain housed in clutch</i>	
<i>Car No. 6</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 7</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 8</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 9</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 10</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 11</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 12</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 13</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plain housed in clutch</i>	
<i>Car No. 14</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain housed in clutch</i>	
<i>Car No. 15</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	
<i>Car No. 16</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plainbushing</i>	<i>Plain ball</i>	

Single lubrication (usually by pressure grease gun only) though far less efficient, is common practice.



## Reunion Program

6 A.M.—Sunrise. Heads of early arrivals a bit thick, followed by cold showers and clearing.

7 A.M.—Breakfast served. Eating optional.

8 A.M.—Special train bringing rest of class due.

9 A.M.—Special train arrives. Costumes given out at tent.

10 A.M.—General trading of costumes to obtain approximate fits.

11 A.M.—Everybody report on front campus for class picture.

11:30 A.M.—Everybody must positively report on front campus for class picture.

12 NOON—Class picture will be taken on front campus without fail.

1 P.M.—Class luncheon. Bring individual drinking cups.

2 P.M.—Form for parade to baseball game. March single file (two abreast) (four abreast) as Grand Marshal changes his mind.

3-5 P.M.—Baseball game. Lose voice in preliminary cheering. Then sleep in shadow behind bleachers.

5 P.M.—Score of game given out at headquarters. Change back into civilian clothes and pack bag, leaving out tooth brush, pajama coat and extra necktie.

6 P.M.—Train leaves for home. Miss it. Don't write—telegraph!

11:55 P.M.—Next train leaves for home. Don't let it have anything on you.

2:12 A.M.—Arrive home. The voice with the smile wins.

A. C. M. A., Jr.

## Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"I'll have to do something about Minnie's poet. Even if her husband doesn't mind I can't have him cluttering up the flat. She says I don't understand modern freedom and calls me a Victorian. There may be some advantage in that. Back in Peoria we were all Victorians and in all the thirty years Lamech and I lived there I never once heard of a wife making her husband let her have a poet around.

"Harold isn't a bad fellow if he is my son-in-law. He makes ten thousand a year selling iron castings. Harold could even sell some of this poet's stuff, he's got such a good personality. I hate to see this fellow sitting around smoking cigarettes.

"Minnie says it is the duty of an intellectual woman to encourage struggling genius. I told her to let the intellectual women do it then. She asked me if I meant to reflect on her mind, and added that she had spent ten years cultivating her aesthetic appreciation. She reaped this poet. It's a bad year for crops. I think I'll go and plant myself in the living room. That's always effective."

McC. H.

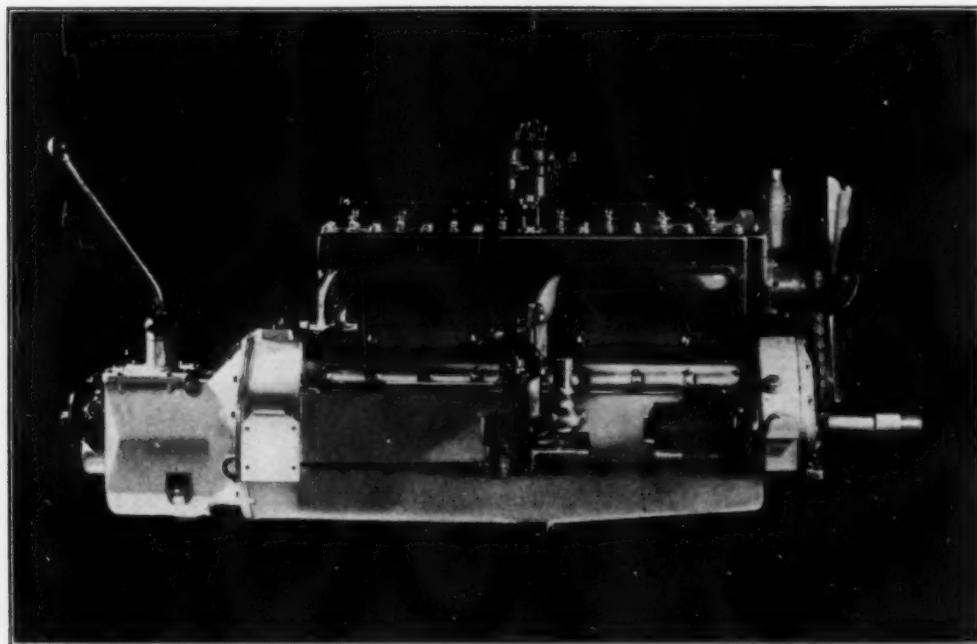
© 1924. M. T. & R. Co.



"YOU SEEN ME PUT ME HAND OUT, DIDN'T CHA!"

EXCITEMENT may be the *spice* of life, but safety is a better *guarantee* of life. Buy Mason Safety First Cords.

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD



## S I M P L I C I T Y.

One cylinder block	One piece crankshaft
One carburetor intake header	Two hose connections
One exhaust manifold	Lighter weight
One exhaust pipe and muffler	No cross fire
One water pump	Vibration freedom
One front end chain	Low upkeep cost

## ACCESSIBLE

<i>Camshaft</i>	<i>Starter</i>
<i>Valves</i>	<i>Distributor</i>
<i>Front end chain</i>	<i>Carburetor</i>
<i>Generator</i>	<i>Oil pump strainer</i>

ASK  
THE MAN  
WHO OWNS  
ONE

# PACKARD EIGHT

# LIFE

## The Proud Parents at the Graduation Ceremonies

"MORE of a dotted Swiss, or even a point d'esprit, like, I thought. But no, Her Royal Highness must have Georgette crêpe—four-seventy-nine a yard, if you please. Well, I said to her, I said, 'When I graduated from high school,' I said, 'I'd have thought I was lucky if I could have had a lovely dotted Swiss,' I said—"

"—never could see the use of them cluttering up their heads with all this Latin and stuff. I never was any hand for those foreign languages, anyway—nothing but gabble, sounds to me like. What I say is, if our language isn't good enough for all these Dagoes and Bolsheviks and I don't know what-all, why don't they go back to where they—"

"—simply don't know what I'm going to do with him—out after ten o'clock at night, and going to dances, and raising the roof because he hasn't got a dress suit. I just hate to see school finish and have him around all the summer with nothing to do with himself. I'm going to tell his father, he'll have to talk to him, and try and get some sense into—"

"—said to her, 'What do you want to go to college

for?' I said. 'It isn't as if you had to teach for a living. What you'll probably do is to get married sooner or later,' I said, 'and where would be the use of spending all of that good money—'"

"—and he's been in this class three years, of course, but I don't believe in hurrying a boy. His father and I would rather have him this way—the slow ones are the kind that get there, I always say. You take these bright children, and they never amount to anything—"

"—that little McAnkle girl up there on the platform—I'd just like to be her mother for about ten minutes. I tell our Bessie, the boys may think they like Gladys McAnkle now, but what they really want is a nice, sweet girl that knows how to cook and sew, and doesn't put that horrid old powder all over her face, or go gallivanting around in automobiles, or—"

"—just simply can't make myself believe that's our great big boy up there. Why, it seems like yesterday he was running around in his little blue sailor suit, and saying to me, 'Ga-ga'—he always called me Ga-ga—'did God make Daddy, too?' My, time certainly does—"

Dorothy Parker.



THE FIRST COMMENCEMENT GOWN

EVE, OF THE CLASS OF I, SELECTS A COSTUME FOR  
HER GRADUATION FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN.



First Farm Horse: HOW'S THAT GOOD FOR NOTHIN' COLT OF YOURS GETTIN' ON OVER TO THE  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE?

Second Farm Horse: WHY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? HE'S MADE THE TEAM.



### Twice-Told Tales

(Told the Second Time for Infant Movie Stars, with Inevitable Interruptions)

THIS is the story of little Red Riding Hood—

“Who titled that pitchure? Gee, that's a terrible title!”

Once upon a time there was an—

“Why do all scripts have to begin that way?”

—Was an old woman who lived in a shoe, and—

“Did they build that shoe set, or shoot it in miniature?”

—And when she got there the cupboard was bare, and—

“Retake on that! Get a retake!”

—And the little dog laughed to see such sport, and—

“Hey, you're shooting the wrong sequence! Hey!”

—And he stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and—

“Wrong sequence! Wrong sequence!”

—And all the king's horses and all the king's men—

“Hey, nurse! Hey! Stop grinding! Kill the lights! Now listen here nurse, you must have been reading too many of those continuities for my next six pitchures! I told you a long time

ago continuity reading would kill you as a nurse! Now go along downstairs, there's a dear. Tell my press-agent I want to see him at nine in the morning. And I want my business manager at nine-thirty—I got to be on the set at ten o'clock. Close the door as you go out and don't wake Father and Mother! Next time you shoot a bedtime story see if you can get a good script, like Goldilocks, and stay with it! Goo' night, nurse. Morpheus—Action! Camera!”

Weed Dickinson

### If College Men Could Read Their Diplomas

“AVE, baccalaureus. I see you've passed all your *inquisitiones*.”

“Sure, *sic semper*. Here's the coveted sheepskin as a *testimonium* of my *artium*.”

“Wonder what such an *instrumentum* would do toward landing a real job.”

“Nihil, unless you feel *academicus* and want to stick around and teach at the old *collegium*.”

“Non meus. I'm set to sell bonds.”

“You and me both. But I'll be sort of sorry to leave old *Novo Porto*, Connecticut.”

“Veritas. It's been a happy IV years, *in toto*.”

“Well, glad we got our dips. Only wish we could line up as easily III good seats *per se* for the game *Harvardiensis*.”

“Same here, *Vale, Gulielmus*.”

“*Vale, Edvardus*, old bean.”

*Exeunt.*

Fairfax Downey.



AS HE THINKS HE LOOKS, AND—

## Between the Lines of the Honorary Degree

TO RUFUS B. FISHER-BODY: States-Poli-

man, captain of industry, philanthropist, millionaire, easy mark, now that we've put you on the list of people we can count on for our endowment fund, don't upon its roll of honorary alumni. forget we could use a new dormitory.

### Lessons in New Yorkese

*Hooch*

HEYHAIRY cummova herea minnit. Igot summina tellya. "Wasseatin yanowGus?" "Chawanna shotta summin?" "Doesa pig cluck? Regalastuff issit?" "Ihopeta tellya. Spreewawr." "Spreewawr wot? Wottayamean spreewawr?" "Idumno. Guy atgimme it sezzits spreewawr." "Wellat ainno esplinashin. Ferralluvvus itkid jussasoon bedeathly persin." "Persin fgossakes? Cha tryinta hamme?"



THE VALEDICTORIAN  
AS HE REALLY LOOKS.



"POPES MAYBE—HUH, WILLIE, D'YA THINK?"  
"NAW! IT'S THAT EYETALIAN NAVY AGAIN!"

"Fellerat givvit toya hadenny ovvit?" "Nowcaint. Sezzies haddit inna-house fralawn time."

"Whaddl tellya? Ibeta buck sper-sin."

"AwHairy bee-have yasseff!"

"LissenGus. Imagoold frennayou, ainnI? Issa straight steer Imslippinya. Fellisis kissinoff from rubbalikka evvy-day aintit?"

"Yeh but..."

"LissenGus. Sall onna counta this-now unnoanstuff like thisnow pree-wawr. Youdunno whattitiz Idumno whattitiz hedunno whattitiz. Wellen whatizzit? Iasty a whatizzit?"

"Sgoodlikka swattitiz."

"Spersin Itellya. Chagotenny ri-speck faya eyesete?"

"Yawont jernme inna snawt?"

"Hones Idliketa Gus. Ittidgo kind-good. Buttlondondass."

"But thisis spreewawr stuff."

"Thass jussa trubbil. Sprobbibly persin. Afella cagget plenny swell booleg..."

"Aw Hairy—"

"Butta trubbil athis spreewawr stuff izzat smade salong ago hoos gonna no wassinnit?"

*Henry William Hanemann.*

### The Ten Most Useless Books on a Desert Island

THE telephone book.  
The city directory.  
The Social Register.  
The Bartenders' Guide.  
Who's Who.  
How to Win in Wall Street.  
Where to Dine.  
Infantry Drill Regulations.  
The Metropolitan Handbook.  
Your check book.

### Commencement Characters

**HINKY BLAIR**—Who invited, by mistake, two girls to his Senior Prom. He managed to make each of the charmers think the other the guest of his roommate. Hinky later entered the diplomatic service.

**Watson Lane**—Who, at the insistence of his mother, invited his homely cousin to the Commencement festivities and acted as if he liked it.

**The Class Poet**—Who forgot the poem he had written for Class Day and recited in its place, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."

**The College President**—Who tripped near the top of the steps leading to the platform and began his address as if nothing had happened.

**The Mother**—Who pretended to enjoy the services although her son was not being graduated with his class.

**The College Widow**—Who is wondering what she will do with six of the seven graduates with whom she has promised to elope.

**"Gloomy Gus" Malone**—Who danced with a girl for thirty uninterrupted minutes in spite of alternately appealing and threatening looks at the stag line. Gus eventually suggested that he get the lady a drink of water. He apparently was drowned in it, for he hasn't been heard from since.

*Tracy Hammond Lewis.*

### Pung!

"Every man should know enough about MahJongg to understand the new jokes in the magazines."

—*Daytona (Fla.) Morning Journal.*  
This one, for instance.



CO-EDUCATION

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THE FINAL EXAMINATION

### FELLOW CLASSMATES:

To-day is one of the most memorable in the lives of all of us, for to-day we leave the cloistered shades in which we have lived four of the best years of our lives to enter the great non-academic world outside.

Some of us are going into business, some into law, some into medicine, some into other professions. None of us, I hope, are—uhuh—going into—uh—bankruptcy (*laughter*). But no matter what we go into, no matter whether we succeed or fail in what we undertake, one thing we can never forget, and that is: that it was here at old Insertnameof that we learned how to succeed or fail.

But Insertnameof has given us more than a mere training for the battle of life. The friendships formed at Insertnameof will constitute our fondest recollections in the years to come of the dear old coll. Friendships of the football field, of the baseball diamond, of the swimming pool, of the chessboard, of the dumbbell exercises in Physical Ed. A, these are the friendships that will remain firmly cemented until the end.

### Model Valedictory

And now to you, Mr. President—whom I cannot refrain from alluding to by your more affectionate nickname of "Prexy" (*cheers and applause*); to you, our revered professors (*applause, but not so much*), who have watched over our formative years with loving care, seeking only to instill into us the ideals that will enable us to help make the world better and finer (*applause*)—to you, I say, and to old Insertnameof, I pledge the honor of the best class In-

sertnameof ever had, the CLASS OF 1924 (voice: "Spell it out for 1924, boys." Voices: "I, n, In; s, e, r, t, sert; Insert; n, a, m, e, name, Insertname; o, f, of; Insertnameof! Rah, rah, rah! Insertnameof! '24! '24! '24!") that we will do our level best to live up to the ideals you have sought to instill into us. Insertnameof's motto shall be our motto—DO UNTO OTHERS (*applause*).

And with that pledge, fellow classmates, we bid our last farewell as undergraduates to the old coll. And when we remember that we shall return again and yet again to the scene of the best four years of our lives, it puts a silver lining on the cloud of our regret.

Good-by, Prexy; good-by, professors; good-by, old campus,—till next year!

Baron Ireland.

### Famous Necks

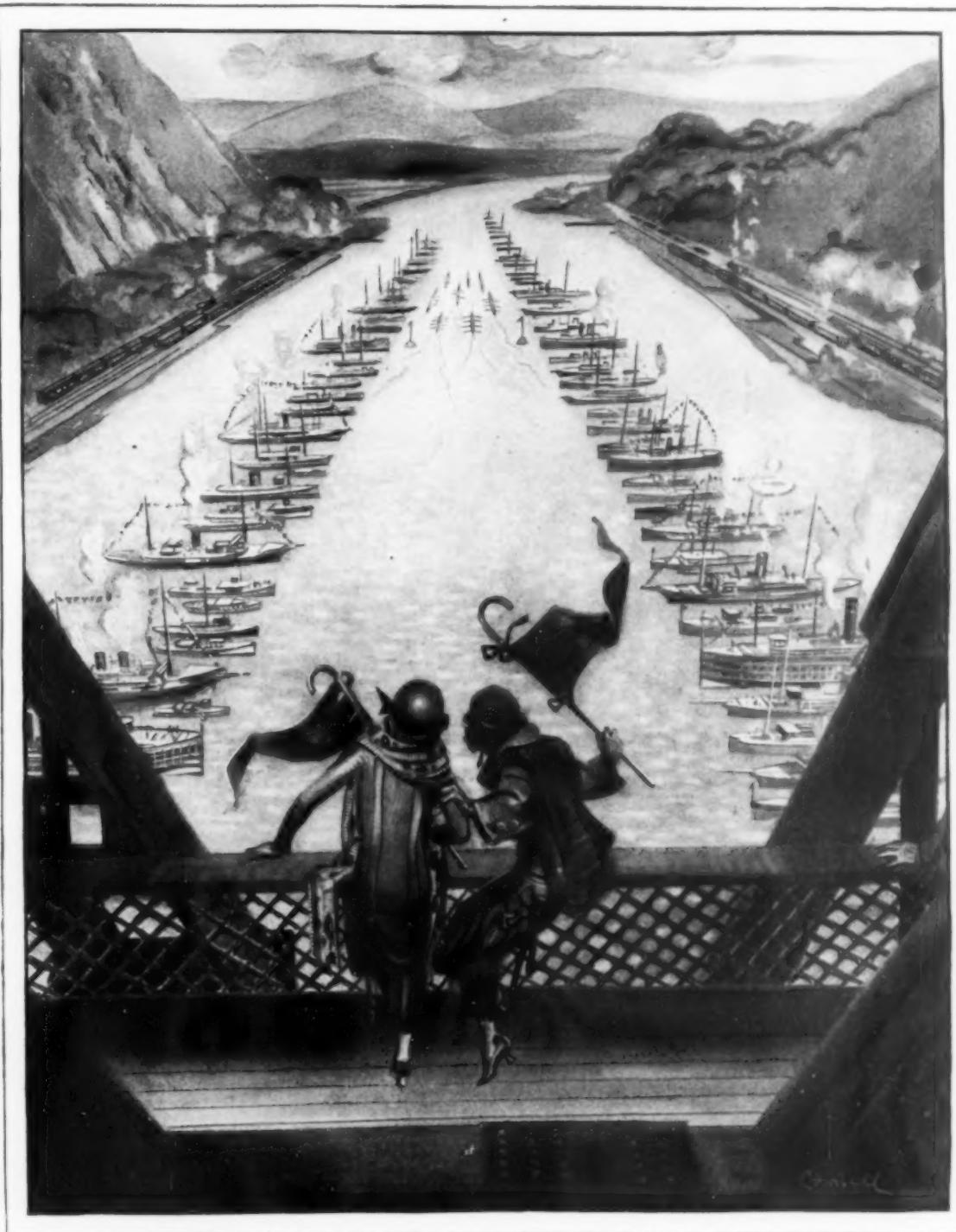
WON by a —  
— and —  
Horse's —  
— tie  
Rough —  
Little — clams  
— ing  
Giraffe's —



"HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

"AW, SHUT UP, ER I'LL KNOCK YER BLOCK OFF!"

"PASS, FRIEND!"



"OH! WHAT A *thrilling* RACE! IT TOOK MY *breath* AWAY! WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE WON?"



*She: HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR COLLEGE COURSE?  
"THE GREENS WERE IN PRETTY POOR SHAPE, BUT I GENERALLY MANAGED TO GET  
AROUND IN NINETY."*

### Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

I wish to acknowledge your communication in which you state your intention of going to Europe as soon as you have your diploma. I appreciated it for two reasons. One was that it contained your first intimation to me that you expect a diploma; the other was that I think a father should know, in a general way, where his children expect to be, so that in sending them money he need not lose time by having to stop and hunt for their addresses.

The reasons you give for going to Europe are very good. In fact, seven of the nine are ones I gave my father for the same purpose in the spring of

1894. They seem just as nearly convincing now as they did then. The other two reasons are new to me but I admit they are as original as the ones I framed thirty years ago.

I hope you will not spoil your tour by trying to remember cultural material with which to impress me when you come back. I remember how that marred my pleasure and how bored my father was when I tried to recite it to him.

Before you sail I will give you some memoranda of two or three places of interest in Paris and Vienna which do not appear in the guide books.

YOUR DEVOTED FATHER.

### To a Young Lady

*(At Commencement Time)*

WHAT *Alpha Delt* of pin denuded  
Won your nepenthean smile;  
Who was the *Zeta Psi* who brooded  
On your acquisitive guile;  
Which was the *Deke* you had so awed  
he  
Gave you your Junior Prom *cum laude*?

That young *Psi U* who corresponded  
With such exceptional zeal;  
Item, the *Theta Delt* you bonded  
To your impermanent weal;  
Was it not, dear—well, rather tricky,  
Letting them both go for a *Dickey*?

Around the college dances flitting,  
You are a brewer of storm.  
Often, for hours, you have been splitting  
Friendships of frat house and dorm.  
It may be yours yet to relate a  
Conquest of some profound *Phi Beta*.  
James K. McGuinness.

### General Information

ONE gathers from the news reels  
that:

All the battleships in the United States Navy are constantly streaking out across the Pacific, Atlantic (take your choice) for target practice.

Boy Scouts raise an American flag in Washington at least once a week.

Fire boats in New York harbor are constantly extinguishing mammoth conflagrations which menace piers.

Volcanoes erupt twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and intrepid photographers get closer every week.

Charles G. Dawes and his pipe are always just going to Europe or just coming back.

Mary and Doug always smile and bow to the gaping crowds before they get into a motor car.

The natives in Java, India, Japan (vote for one) are still dancing to weird noises in an effort to keep the devils away.

C. L. B.

### Not in the Bond

THE NEW CONGRESSMAN (*at a gathering of the Old Guard*): Boys, I've got a splendid idea—

THE UNEASY BOSS (*sotto voce*): Good heavens, is it possible we made a mistake in this chap?

## From the 1924 Class Album



MARMADUKE CLAUDE POSTLEWAITE: K. K. K.; Tar and Feather Ass'n.; Treas. Nordic Society; Editor Varsity White Cap.

"Duke" is the intellectual leader of the Class. It was his editorial in the Varsity White Cap that caused the undergraduate body to burn down the colored section of the town. "Duke" is going to be either a journalist or a bond salesman when he graduates.



SCHUYLER DE PEYSTER SMYTHE: K. K. K.; Inter-collegiate Cyclops; Poison Ivy Orator; Chairman Junior Lynching Committee.

"Bud" Smythe is the champion fuzzer of the Senior Class. All of his time, however, is not devoted to fussing. It was "Bud" who organized the party that busted up the meeting when that pacifist tried to lecture at the college last year. "Bud" hopes to become a bond salesman upon graduation.

MONTGOMERY FLETCHER MONTMORENCY: K. K. K.; Grand Kleagle; Captain Fiery Cross Country Team; Senior Race Riot Committee; Pres. Nordic Society.

"Stubby" is one of the most popular fellows in the Class. He won his varsity letter for making it so uncomfortable for the colored fellow who had the nerve to take a room in the freshman dormitory that he had to leave college. "Stubby" expects to become a bond salesman after graduation.



ISADORE COHEN: Phi Beta Kappa.

We have to print this guy's picture.



### "A Young Man's Age," Says J. L. Gonnick

HIBBLE UNIVERSITY, June 3.—That this is a young man's age and that at no time in history have young men been so prominent in the world's affairs was the keynote of the Commencement address of Joseph L. Gonnick, bridge builder and financier, following his acceptance of a Doctorate of Letters from the University this morning.

"It is not in college that you get your real education," said Mr. Gonnick, "but in the University of Hard Knocks. I can only say to the young men who are about to enter the big school of Life that honesty, loyalty and enthusiasm for your job are the three biggest guide-posts to success. That does not mean that youth cannot win. Some of the greatest names in history were made famous when their owners were men in their twenties and thirties. When a man tells you that a young man has no chance to-day, ask him how old Alexander the Great was when he was fighting his famous wars. Ask him how old Mozart was when he was writing many of his deathless songs. Lincoln was a successful lawyer when he was a comparatively young man, and there are dozens of other examples. Some of the highest-salaried men in my own organization are young ex-college men.

"Go out and win in the Battle of Everyday. Put as much pep and vim into whatever job you may have to do as you did while playing your various games and sports here at

school. You have a lot of things to learn, to be sure, but that need not handicap you in the big game of Getting Ahead."

Part of the forenoon ceremonies included the dedication of the Myrtle Louise Gonnick Ferro-Manganese Experimental Laboratory, the gift to the University of Mr. Gonnick. Others who received degrees in the afternoon were Justice Farrington of the United States Supreme Court and James K. Hackett, the actor.

*Marc Connelly.*

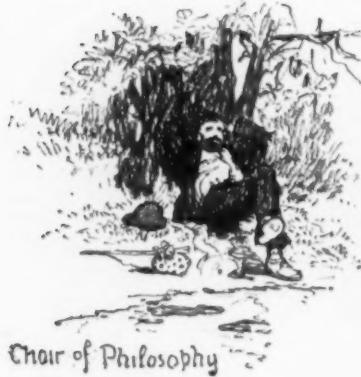
### Radiode

MAXIMUM post variometer insulate filament stator  
Audion rheostat vacuum, ammeter unit electron  
Magnavox ion aluminum calibrate super marconi  
Carbon resistor.

Thorium volt electrolysis, metro galena ignitor  
Allocate rotor selenium parallel tantalum simplex;  
Amplitron terminal vernier static eliminate oxide  
Potentiometer!

*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

COMMENCEMENT—the triumph of mind over alma mater.

*Chairs***The Future of the Class of 1924**

*Class Prophecy by William N. Crandle, '24.*

THE other night I had a dream in which I saw all that was going to happen to the Class of 1924 of the North Central High School in the future, and when, much to my surprise, I was elected to be Class Prophet, it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to write down the things I saw in that dream and tell you something of what is going to happen in 1950 to the members of the Class of 1924.

In this dream I happened to be walking down the street when suddenly I saw a familiar face standing on a soapbox at the corner, and in a minute I recognized Harry Washburn, our Class President, who was evidently making some sort of a speech to the assembled multitude, among whom I recognized Edna Gleem, Harriet Mastom and Lillian MacArdle. "Well," I said to myself, "I always knew that those girls were crazy about Harry, and I guess they still are." Harry was making some sort of a speech and I gathered that he was running for President of the United States, which didn't surprise me at all as Harry always was a politician in high school days.

A little further along I heard some one making a speech on another corner, and I looked a little closer and saw that it was Beatrice Franley, who was making a speech against the use of face-powder by girls. It seemed that Prohibition had been done away with but that Beatrice was trying to get an amendment to the Constitution pre-

venting girls from using face-powder. "Well," I said to myself, "back in North Central, Beatrice was always rabid on the subject of girls' using face-powder and she doesn't seem to have lost it even in 1950." Listening to Beatrice were George Delmot, Bertram Posner and Mary Alley.

A little further along I came to a big sign which said: "William Nevin and Gertrude Dolby, Ice-Cream Parlor," and I remembered that when they

Grasse, who had evidently gone in for prizefighting. The referee was Mr. Ranser, our old algebra teacher, and I guessed that he would give the decision to George, as George always was a favorite of his and probably still was.

In a little while I found myself in England, and there I was told that Walter Dodd had been made King of England because he always dressed like a dude in high school, and that he had married Miriam Friedburg and had made her Queen of England. The Prince of Wales had fallen off his horse so often that the English people had elected Philip Wasserman to be Prince because he was so good at using ponies in high-school Latin.

In France I found that George Disch, Harry Petro, John Walters, Robert Dimmock, Edwin LeFavre and Eddie Matsdorf were working in a café together and that Mary Duggan, Louise Creamer, Margaret Penny and Freda Bertel were constant customers. In Germany, Albert Vogle had been chosen Kaiser because he was so bossy.

On the boat coming back I saw William Debney, Stella Blum, Arthur Crandall, Noble MacAnson and Henry Bostwick, all looking older than they did in North Central, but evidently prosperous, and just as I landed in America I woke up and realized that it had all been nothing but a dream.

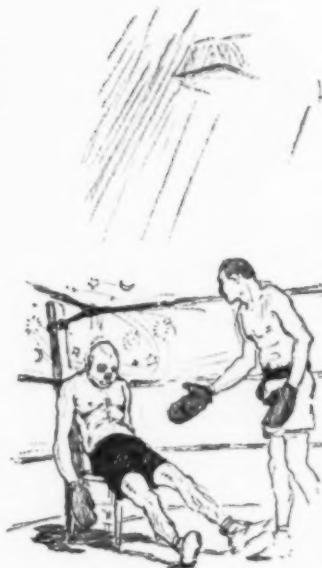
*Robert C. Benchley.*

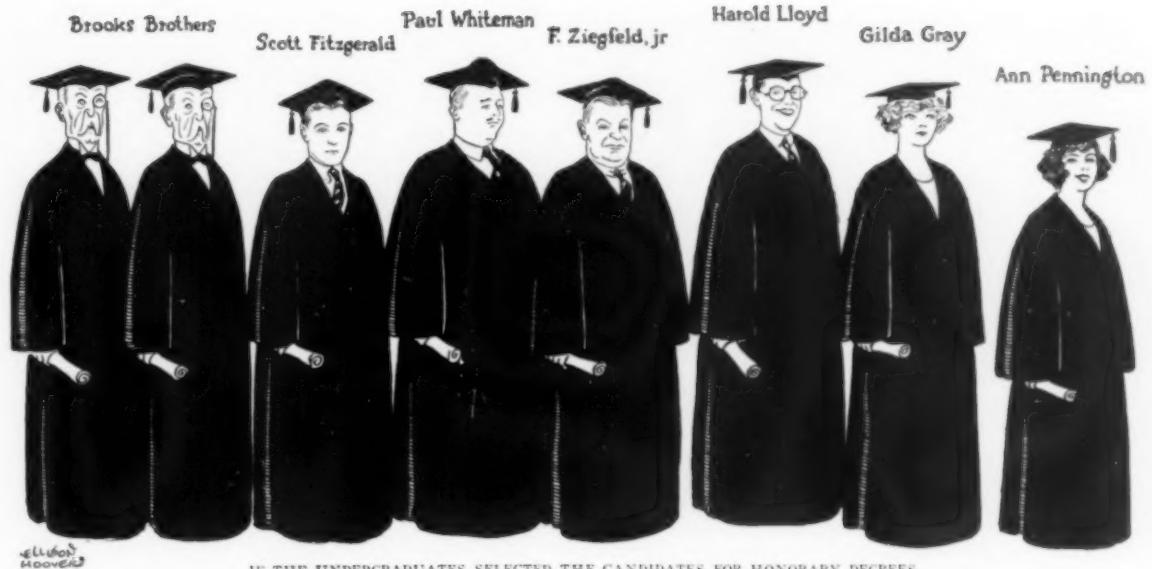
*Chair of Greek and Latin*

*WILLIE AND DONALD!*

were in school William and Gertrude were always eating ice-cream at recess together, so I wasn't much surprised to find that they had gone into the ice-cream business, and it occurred to me that they probably ate more ice-cream than they sold.

Pretty soon I came to a big crowd which was watching a couple of prize-fighters fighting, and imagine my surprise to find out that the prize-fighters were Louis Wrentham and George Du-

*Chair of Astronomy.*



IF THE UNDERGRADUATES SELECTED THE CANDIDATES FOR HONORARY DEGREES

## And So On

I KNEW Susanna first in June.  
That hair of glinting yellow gold....  
Our love rushed in like maddened seas—  
Like surging waves that sprayed the moon—  
Like floods of fire that skyward rolled—  
Like lashing west winds bending trees.

But then, one chill December night,  
Our love slunk out—a beaten thing  
With sneaking steps and eyes downcast—  
A ghostly shape in skulking flight.  
But after all, what maundering  
To think our love could ever last.

And then, Rosetta—that next June—  
With hair of ruddy burnished gold....  
Our love rushed in like maddened seas—  
Like surging waves that sprayed the moon....

Van Buren Sinclair.

## The Restless Radio Fan

(How He Would Have "Heard" Lincoln's Gettysburg Address)

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that—

(Switches to Station WOOF.)

—a bit of some crisp edible green or radishes should always be served at a meal where eggs form the main course. The piquant tang and flavor of water cress is—

(Bah! Cooking stuff!) Switches back.)

—met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who—

(Gee, is he still talkin'?) Switches and gets POWF.)

"Where are you going, Jerry Skunk and Peter Polecat?" asked Mr. Indigo. "Ah, that would be telling," answered Jerry and Peter in one terrible breath. Then, with a most unpleasant laugh, they ran—

(Bed-time blah!) Switches and gets Gettysburg again.)

—but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the—

(Swears and switches.)

Boom-zing. Boom-zing. Boomadiddle, bla, bla, and more to the same general effect from the United Pickle Stores Dance Orchestra, Station OOSH.

(Sick of jazz. Switches wildly.)

—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

(Thank gosh that political bunk's over. Now maybe I can get something decent!) A. H. F.



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Samson: DELILAH, IT LOOKS SIMPLY great SINCE YOU BOBBED IT!



"I'M WORRIED, BILL—I CAN'T REMEMBER IF I LOCKED UP  
MY HOUSE BEFORE I LEFT TO-NIGHT."

#### Future Class Memorials

THE Class of 1924 will be expected to do its duty in the matter of memorials. As the majority of our universities are already well equipped with memorial gateways, fountains, libraries, flagpoles, etc., the following are suggested by way of meeting the demands of the future:

Fifth anniversary—Ornamental radio receiving set with permanent antennae.

Tenth anniversary—Marble and bronze landing platform for visiting airplanes.

Twenty-fifth anniversary—Helium gas service station for disabled Zeppelins.

Fiftieth anniversary—Private dormitory for visiting students from Mars.  
*Foster Ware.*

#### During a Thunderstorm

MOTHER: What on earth are you doing, sitting there before the ice box with the door wide open?

LITTLE BOY: I'm watching the milk to see if it turns.

THE music house wishing to put out a suitable slogan to help liven the sale of saxophones might use this: "ASK THE MAN WHO MOANS ONE."

GOLF clothes this year are being worn louder and funnier.

#### To Taste

LIP-STICKS are flavored; after this You'll hear remarks like these: "Well, since you've asked me for a kiss, All right. What flavor?"

#### Positions Wanted

THIS being the open season for the college graduate looking for work, the cry is once more heard from the campuses that so few men know what they really want to do. The trouble is, of course, that no one will tell them what they want to know about jobs offered for occupancy. The "Help Wanted" notices should be more explicit in enumerating their actual appeals. For instance:

COLLEGE MAN WANTED—Publishing house can use the services of a young college man. Salary small at first and later, but splendid opportunities to read advance proofs of books that may be suppressed afterwards. Write Box 674, N. Y.

BOND SALESMEN—Recent college graduates can meet all their old friends and lots of nice people as well, by becoming bond salesmen with us. Ability to sell not essential, but must belong to at least two clubs. No salary, but plenty of inside tips and Christmas presents. Spats and canes furnished free by office. Hours 10-3 daily, except Sundays, holidays, and big game days. Send no money. MARGIN, BULL & BAER, INC.

REPORTERS—New York newspaper wants office boy for drama dept. Free tickets to shows, plenty of chances to meet marriageable chorus girls. Taxi charges go on expense account. (If Mr. Munsey buys the paper, all bets—and employees—are off.)

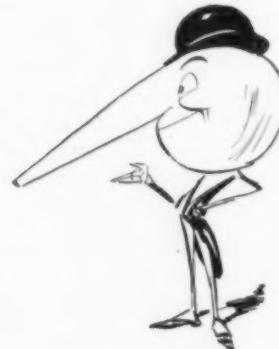
ADVERTISING—Reputable New York advertising agency doesn't need a young college graduate, but will give one a good job if he has any influence with any good advertiser. Easy hours, golf, lunches on clients, etc. Apply for conference to "AAAA-1," c/o Ritz Hotel, N. Y.

*A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.*

#### IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY



A GRADUATING GLASS



A SNAPPY RETORT

# Dearold Alumni News

## Save Heemy Hall!

THE fund for restoring the left bank of Heemy Hall terrace provides another opportunity for every Dearold loyal alumnus to "dig deep in his pants pockets." In its way, the left bank of Heemy Hall terrace epitomizes the entire undergraduate spirit of Dearold University, expressed so well in the motto "*Mens impotens in capite choris.*" It is on this left bank that countless numbers of eager youngsters have gathered since the historic opening of the Dearold portals and have had their "sings" and their "weenie roasts."

It is on this left bank that the Freshman-Sophomore "Peanut Bum" is held and the tryouts of the Junior-Senior Greek Dancing take place. Indeed, what Dearold son cannot remember with a thrill when he first sat on the historic left bank, flanked by the friends and brothers that were to be his throughout life—that Greater Life—in the "outside world," and pledged himself "ever faithful, ever true"?

And so, with the erosion of time, and the restlessness and vigor of Dearold youth, the left bank of Heemy Hall terrace has at last given way. That it should be restored is not only imperative; it is imperative. You who have surely been among those to wear it down, should be among the first to build it up. For without the left bank of Heemy Hall terrace, there can be no Dearold University.

### "Old Grad" Speaks His Mind

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAROLD ALUMNI NEWS:

I wish to call your attention to the recent disgraceful conduct on 'Varsity Night of the 'Varsity Show, which conduct is a smirch on the Dearold "scutcheon," an insult to her sons, and, I must say, a fine example of thoughtlessness, boorishness and stupidity.

The college anthem "Dear Old Dearold" was not sung at the finale

of the show, nor, I have reason to believe, *once in the entire evening!*

What is the younger generation coming to? I throw up my hands!

"OLD GRAD."

#### Heemy Hall Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$87.56
Two boys of the class of '88....	7.00
In memory of "Prince"—a horse	2.25
"Mae," "Peggy," and "Helen S."	15.00
Arthur V. Smirch, '14.....	3.00
20% receipts of lecture by Professor Toul.....	.51
Grand Total to date.....	\$115.32

#### MENACED CAMPUS LANDMARK



HEEMY HALL TERRACE AS IT LOOKED IN 1897 BEFORE BURNED DOWN BY THE INCENDIARY HAND OF SOME UNIDENTIFIED MEMBER OF THE FACULTY. IT WILL LOOK QUITE A LOT LIKE THIS WHEN RESTORED.



WILLIS ERTLE, '53, WHO HAS JUST WRITTEN THE LYRICS FOR "HEEBIE JEEBIE" (A "MUSICAL GIRL" REVUE), WHICH WILL BE PRODUCED IN THE FALL BY LEE SHUBERT, '95, AND HIS BROTHER JAKE, '98.

#### Alumni Notes

'79, '81, '06 Hon.—In a statement to the Liberian Cabinet, T. Murphy Tewcomb, former Washington clubman and bon vivant, declared that in his opinion it was essential for future Liberians to be better trained. "As things stand now," Tewcomb declared, "you ask a Liberian for a certain book, and nine times out of ten you can't get it."

'99—Kotch S. Kotch, of Kotch Tinware, Inc., has changed the name of his firm to the Kotch S. Kotch Can Co.

'12 Bu.—George Alfred Schmeltz has left his position at the Masons and Plasterers National Bank for a trip through Canada. Schmeltz hopes to be able to extend the trip indefinitely.

'15—It's a boy up at "Snoot" Taylor's. Taylor will be remembered as the holder of the 1914-15 Intercollegiate record for the low hurdles.

'23—"Jerry" Ginch writes us that he is about to give up his activities in the real estate game. "Just at present," says Jerry, "the bond market looks pretty good to me."

## • LIFE •



Skippy

THE TEACHER TOLD HIM TO BE PREPARED TO PERFORM AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

# LIFE

## A Laboratory Love Song

OH, come where the Cyanides silently flow,  
And the Carburets droop on the Oxides below,  
Where the rays of Potassium glow on the hill,  
And the song of the Silicates never is still!  
Come, oh, come,  
Tumti, tum, tum,  
Peroxide of Soda and Uranium!

When Alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,  
And no chemical change can affect Manganese,  
While Alkalies flourish, and Acids are free,  
My heart shall be constant, sweet Science, to thee!  
Yes, to thee,  
Fiddle-de-dee!  
Zinc, Borax, and Bismuth, and H O+C.

*La Touche Hancock.*



*Tommy: AW, PA, I WANTS ROW!*

## June Janglings

NATURE admired under compulsion of politeness from the rear seat of somebody else's automobile tends to become odious.

A straw hat bought last fall at a sale and intended for wearing this month illustrates how saving fifty cents can spoil a man's happiness.

The man who cannot afford to go away in the summer may think he is ill used, but he is better off than the man who cannot afford to stay at home.

The greatest feat of mathematics performed by the average man is the division of the customary two weeks with pay to suit all the members of his family.

*McCready Huston.*

## The Polite World

MOTHER: You shouldn't behave that way with a young man!

DAUGHTER: But, Mother, it's done in the very best advertisements.

IF marriage is a lottery then alimony must be a sort of gambling debt.



A SWING FOR BABY

"DEAR me!" sighed the sweet girl graduate of the Hunt & Peck Typing School, "there is *one* mistake that I wish I wouldn't keep making: I always seem to strike a question mark after my own name instead of a period."



JUNE 5, 1924

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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**blue**   
**tweet!** 

IT has been the fashion among some of the more vociferous friends of France in this country to insist that France should be saved by Poincaré and no one else, and to denounce as pro-German, and Heaven knows what else, such observers as could not see any final advantage for France in the adventure in the Ruhr. Since the majority of French voters have finally recorded their own conviction that Poincaré's policy was costing more than its worth, perhaps the said vociferous partisans here will be willing to sit on the back bench for a space, while the new government sees what it can do. It may be that the Poincaré experiment was necessary to bring things to a head. When it began, the prospect seemed to be that it would make things so much worse that a remedy would have to be found for them, and that in a way has happened. Perhaps it has been useful in bringing Germany to face the facts and give up the idea of Welching on the reparations. No doubt it was useful in bringing about the Dawes Commission and its report. No one doubts that Poincaré is a patriot and has done his best, but compulsion was his sole idea, and while pressure may be useful at places and at times, compulsion will never do the trick of bringing peace to Europe.

But now the outlook is much better. Herriot, Briand and that company, while they do not back down on the facts of what France must have, bring a different spirit to the problem. They wish to agree with England and to work British and French problems together. Herriot speaks of "the stupid and almost criminal misunderstandings which are separating us from Britain." He says: "The Ruhr has only made us

lose a lot of time and a vast amount of money. We should never have undertaken that adventure." These are encouraging views, especially when associated with Ramsay MacDonald's declaration that "our greatest problem at this moment is getting the experts' reports into operation." That done, he would have every nation concerned "trust to the sense of justice of the world to see that right is done in the end."



SOME great mercies still remain with us, as that Douglas Fairbanks left the scales business and Charlie Chaplin the ministry, and took to the movies. And we can felicitate ourselves that the Volstead law is enforced as it is, if indeed current enforcement suits us, and, of course, there are other things to make some of us happy, as that spring is now here if not summer. But the Bonus bill is passed. There is no denying that, and there is no visible cure for it except to pay the taxes it calls for as they come due.

Oh, well! Of course the war was worth it. The war was worth anything it cost, or ever will cost, and the Bonus now may not be a campaign issue, though indirectly it is sure to count. The vote for it was strictly non-partisan. To our mind the Senators who voted to sustain the veto are a better lot than those who voted to override it. Of the Democratic candidate-Senators, Glass and Underwood voted against the bonus; Copeland, Ralston and Walsh of Montana voted for it.

The Bonus bill, as passed, is not the worst bonus bill that has been proposed.

but since this one has succeeded, a worse one is expected to follow. A bill that passes the House about four to one and gets two-thirds majority in the Senate ought to have some merit. If it has none, there is something to explain, and the explanation is sure to come.



In spite of the two conventions in June the colleges continue to use this month to commence in. The girls go to class days. Strawberries abound; dancing ditto. Ice cream is judiciously mixed in between these more or less necessary concomitants, and the class-day and Commencement orators impart their views in verse and oral prose discourse to audiences glad to be enlightened. There is so much said at Commencements that one would be glad if some industrious person would gather all the Commencement discourse together and make a true composition of its prevailing ingredients. It would seem as if by that process we would get the sentiments of the wise men of the country, but in fact the wise men would probably be found to differ and to put out contradictory deliverances.

Education is constantly under fire, but goes on with enormous vigor. The Meiklejohns tell us that it is not done right, and the opinions of some of them are worthy of the most respectful attention, but still it goes on. Here is youth coming along. It has to be taught something. There is a vast provision for teaching it and the teachers give it what they have in the best manner they can. That is all they can do; all that ever has been done. A good deal that is taught is not the final truth of the matters it treats of. That is unavoidable. The young men and the girls get out of college not so much instructed as developed to a point from which they may hope to learn enough about living to make them useful in life. The best they can expect is to have had developed in them an active curiosity about this life; what it means, what its purpose is, and how to get the most possible out of it while it lasts. That is the general problem of existence. To prepare themselves for it the new graduates have devoted a considerable amount of their time for three or four



THE CLASS OF '24

years to athletics, a good deal to college politics, a good deal to experiments in deportment, and an unavoidable proportion to lectures, laboratories, the reading of books, the negotiation of mental tests, and the things that college authorities try to make a necessary condition of continuance in college and graduation. Of course the young people get something out of it. In the course of their inspection of recorded knowledge, they rub against one another. Inevitably they study one another. Inevitably they learn some-

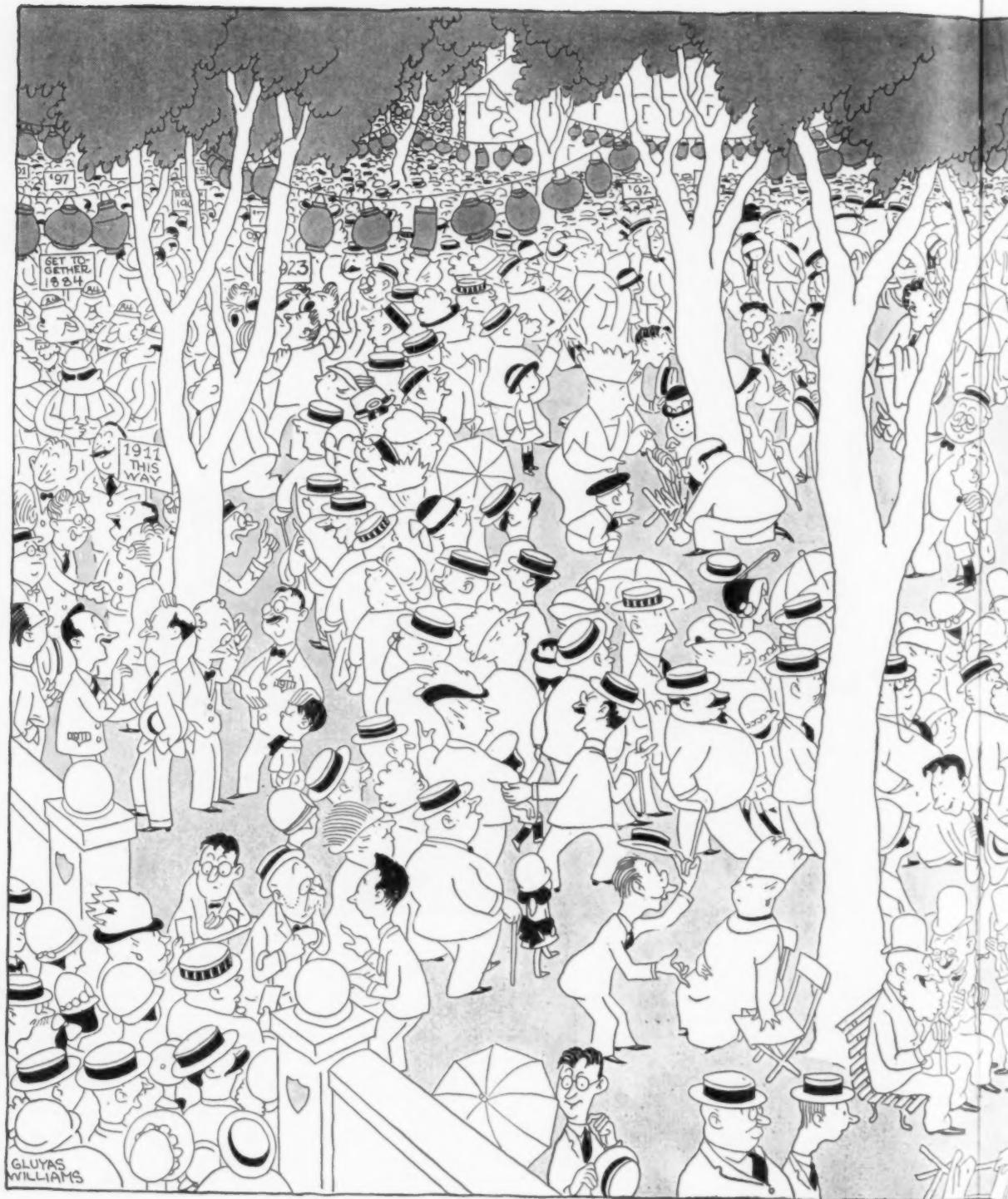
thing about the human creature, his needs, his traits, his prejudices, the fallacies he entertains, and how to get along with him and profit by the association. All that is valuable. For some students it is well worth the time it takes. Others do not profit so much by it, but for most of these it would be difficult to devise a system of education by which they would profit more. It is always a case of hearing done by who has ears to hear, and seeing done by who has eyes to see. No system of education can make minds. It can only

feed the minds that come to it, and they only take in according to their receptive capacity.

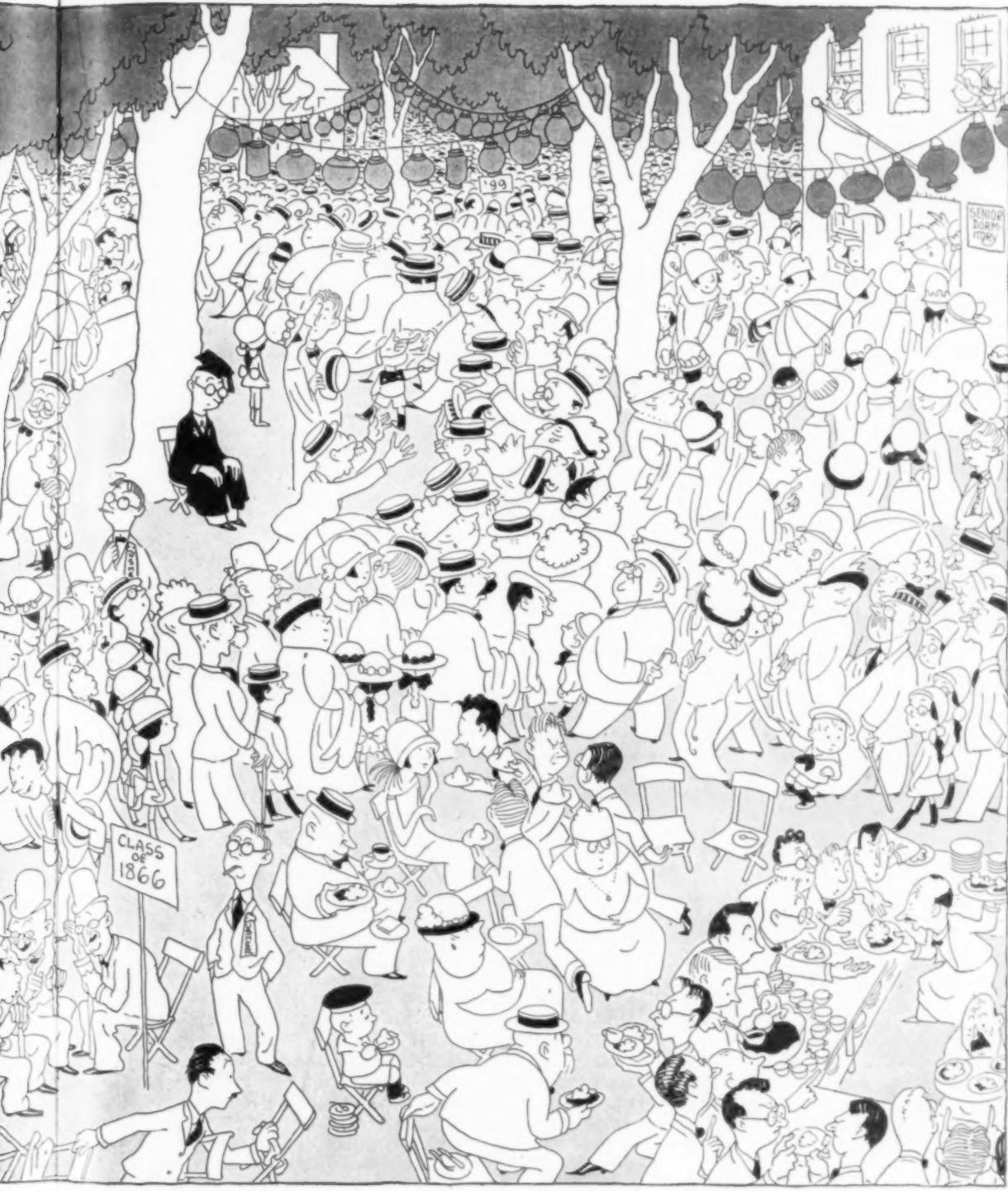
Some great matters in this world are going along pretty well. Science is doing well. It is in good hands. Teaching is getting to be adequate and there seem to be minds enough that are capable of profiting by it. We are not afraid that engineering is not going ahead, nor that chemistry lags, nor that medicine is falling behind, nor that the application of scientific discoveries to the needs of human life is less prompt and efficient than it ought to be. Knowledge of those matters that affect material things constantly increases, and the means of imparting it seem to keep up with the prodigious demand for it. But the greatest need of the world nowadays is for knowledge of a somewhat different sort, for that which makes for good behavior; for the character on which it must be based, and the intelligence which shall discriminate between what is possible and what is not possible to do to promote it. Men need to be taught to live, but need not less to be taught to let live. Something of that they ought to learn in college. There they see youths of very different environment and raising, living and working

together, and out of that association they ought to learn tolerance. And tolerance, and willingness to let people live their own lives up to the full measure that public safety permits, is one of the great needs of the day. To understand what degree of restraint is expedient, what degree of liberty is safe, is a vital necessity to successful democracy, since where votes make laws, if majorities go too far in imposing their wills upon their fellows, liberty may be wiped out.

E. S. Martin.



The Senior's O



Junior's Own Day



### The Marx Brothers

WE are happy to announce that the laughing apparatus of this department, long suspected of being out-of-date and useless, is in perfect running order and can be heard any evening at the Casino Theatre during those magnificent moments when the Marx Brothers are participating in "I'll Say She Is." Not since sin laid its heavy hand on our spirit have we laughed so loud and so offensively. And as we picked ourself out of the aisle following each convulsion, there rang through our soul the joyful pean: "Grandpa can laugh again! Grandpa can laugh again!"

"I'll Say She Is" is probably one of the worst revues ever staged, from the point of view of artistic merit and general deportment. And yet when the Marx Brothers appear, it becomes one of the best. Certainly we have never enjoyed one so thoroughly since the lamented Cohan Revues, and we will go before any court and swear that two of the four Marxes are two of the funniest men in the world.

We may be doing them a disservice by boiling over about them like this, but we can't help it if we feel it, can we? Certainly the nifties of Mr. Julius Marx will bear the most captious examination, and even if one in ten is found to be phony, the other nine are worth the slight wince involved at the bad one. It is certainly worth hearing him, as *Napoleon* refer to the "Marseillaise" as the "Mayonnaise," if the next second he will tell *Josephine* that she is as true as a three-dollar cornet. The cornet line is one of the more rational of the assortment. Many of them are quite mad and consequently much funnier to hear but impossible to retail.



THERE is no wincing possible at the pantomime of Mr. Arthur Marx. It is 110 proof artistry. To watch him during the deluge of knives and forks from his coat-sleeve, or in the poker-game (where he wets one thumb and picks the card off with the other), or—oh, well, at any moment during the show, is to feel a glow at being alive in the same generation. We hate to be like this, for it is inevitable that we are prejudicing readers against the Marx boys by our enthusiasm, but there must be thousands of you who have seen them in vaudeville (where almost everything that is funny on our legitimate stage seems to originate) and who know that we are right.



IT is too bad that with such a wealth of good material of their own our heroes should have stooped to using Walt

Kuhn's "Lilies of the Field" ballet without credit. The steal is palpable and inexcusable, and all the more mysterious in view of the gigantic inventive powers of the Marxes themselves. It is as if Edison were to steal an idea for a lamp. It may turn out that the Marxes have been doing this for years, like Will Morrissey and his delightfully funny Treasurer's Report, but Mr. Kuhn certainly did it better.

One word of commendation to offset the above. In Nat Martin's jazz orchestra which enlivens the finale to "I'll Say She Is" there is no saxophone comedian. The members of the orchestra simply play the notes as written, a grateful innovation in these days when each jazz band has at least one saxophonist whose friends have evidently told him that he ought to be on the stage.



THE production of "All God's Chillun Got Wings," long dreaded by the champions of Nordic supremacy and the guardians of the honor of white womanhood, has taken place, and, at a late hour last night, white women were still as safe on the streets of New York as they ever were and the banner of purity still floated from the ramparts of our own Caucasian stronghold. All that had happened was that a rather long and wordy play, with a powerful idea behind it, had been performed at the Provincetown Theatre, and that a Negro actor named Paul Robeson had taken his place with Charles Gilpin as one of the artists to whom his race may point with pride.

Miss Mary Blair, the white actress over whose honor there was so much vicarious worry, seemed to bear up very well under the ignominy of having to kiss the hand of a Negro gentleman, and gave by far the best performance of her career.

The audience at the opening, far from rising in protest, behaved better and evinced more intelligence than any audience we have ever seen. The following phenomena will show what we mean by "intelligence":

They did not laugh when slang was spoken on the stage.

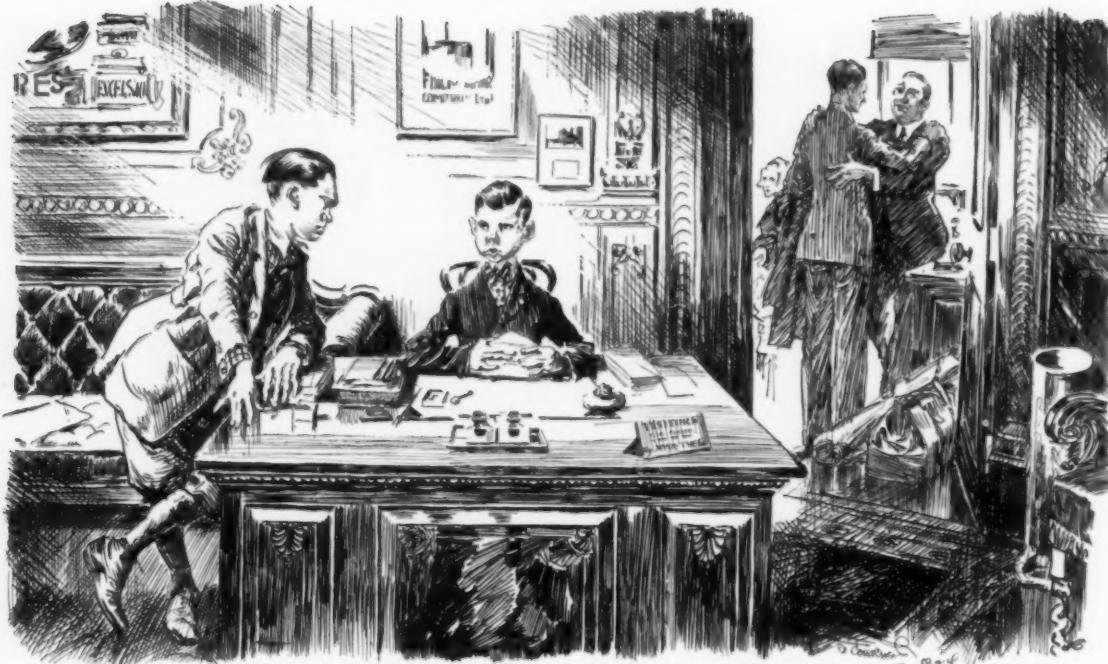
They did not giggle at profanity.

They did not applaud the off-stage singing of popular songs.

There was only one laugh drawn down by a character's saying that he had lived in Brooklyn, and that came, oddly enough, from the companion of one of our leading aesthetes. And she may have been laughing at something else.

Robert C. Benchley.





*The Head Office Boy: ONE OF US IS GOIN' T' GIT FIRED, CORKY. WHAT CHANST IN TH' WORLD HAVE WE GOT UP AGAINST A GUY WIT' A COLLEGE EDJICASHUN?*

### Mail and Female

EVERY man has a theory that if there is one weakness he can never fail to tease his wife about it is her tendency to save all her letters. It is great fun for one of us big, domineering males to poke fun at the piles that clutter up all the pigeonholes in a woman's desk. "Think of keeping old letters," we laugh. "Hahahaha!"

Which is one reason why I have been so anxious to get at the accumulated correspondence that fills three drawers in my own desk.

I sat down to it yesterday and reached in at random.

"Here goes!" I muttered to myself, and tore up a letter and tossed it into the basket.

The address of the second caught my eye. It was in a plaintive feminine hand, and post-marked "Maine." By George, I'd forgotten Elsie Rumfrey! Li'l Elsie! I opened the envelope. And here we'd planned to keep up our bridge together all through the winter! I put the letter aside.

The next one had an address I might need sometime, and the next was from an aunt who had subsequently died. I couldn't throw that one away! And the next was from Tommy Morgan. "...lots of fishing and canoeing and swim-

ming where we are..." I skimmed along. "...everything is O.K...do you remember Lydia le Grande, at the Senior Prom? Met her sister..." Good old Tommy. I'd have to write to Tommy.

Well, if this wasn't a coincidence. "I'm enclosing the recipe for the best stuff ever..." And here I had been looking for a good recipe. I put the letter aside.

"...but I shall never forget you!" How the devil did this one get in here? "The way the moon shone down on the water that last night...my head on your knees..." I stuffed it into my pocket hurriedly as my wife entered.

"Just clearing out the desk a little," I stammered, and pointed to the single piece of evidence in the waste-basket.

Angela's eyes filled with tears. "Do you know you've torn up my —my first letter to you?" She turned away. "You men—have no —sentiment." *Corey Ford.*



*The Man Who Has the Refreshment Concession at the Ball Park: I WONDER IF THEY ARE REFERRING TO ME?*

### Missing Links

SOME golfers merely frivol; Their ignorance is utter; They do not drive, they drivel; They do not putt, they putter.

## Life Lines

A BRITISH engineer says that it is impossible to make synthetic diamonds. It is different, of course, with gin.

If the Commencement movement ever reaches Washington, the Coolidge Cabinet ought to be able to hold a wonderful alumni reunion.

The 1924 golf widow has found a companion in misery. He is the bobbed-hair widower.

In the interest of economy, it is suggested that the dry navy and the rum fleet hold a conference to limit their capital ships.

When the man who has been dusting out Westminster Abbey for three years completes his work, we can doubtless find a job for him in Washington.

The newest Zeppelin, ZR-3, is to be fitted with brakes. They'll be able to skid in those machines yet.

Weather Bureau records show that California has less thunder than any other part of the country. However, it has plenty of Hiram Johnson.

## A Hint to Congress for Additional Taxes

CIGAR bands...people who smoke cigars with the bands on...Mah Jong sets...Mah Jong parties...perfumed soap...white spats...photographs of movie stars...hair gloss...free verse...white linen golf knickers...saxophones...bath salts...interior

decorators...silk male underwear...mammy songs...any one over forty who dances in public...theological controversies...chop suey...telephone calls between women...between a woman and a man...between anybody...Big Business...love.



ANOTHER PUZZLE CONTEST

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PITCHER?



"MY ENGLISH TEACHER'S GOING TO FLUNK ME. HER AND I DON'T AGREE."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

May 29th

Awakened betimes by a great shout from Sam's room, whereupon I fled to him, fearing that some calamity had befallen him, but he was sitting up in bed reading a magazine, and had come across the pronouncement from Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins that steady drinkers have a better expectation of life at all ages from thirty on than have total abstainers. A long life and a gay one! he cried, waving the periodical aloft, so I perceive another descent from the waggon, on which he clambered again but three days since, and I do believe he would have drunk a cocktail with his breakfast had I told Katie to send one up.... All the day spent in assembling my wardrobe and packing my trunk, and in the evening to play bridge at the Leeches', and Mr. Whitehead, the expert, was there, and Joseph Chase, the painter, and when we drew for

places a Mrs. Kallum quoth, Had I known you were to be here, Mr. Whitehead, I should have read up in your book, whereupon Sam spoke up, Had I known he was to be here, I shouldn't have come! And the poor wretch might well have stopped at home, for the cards were against him, and he overbid his hands alarmingly, losing thirty dollars. I couldn't hold a thing! he said afterwards, in extenuation of

(Continued on page 31)



The Sister: THERE NOW, SMARTY! I GUESS THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO JUMP OUT AT POOR NERVOUS OL' GENTS IN CARS!



### "Why Men Leave Home"

THE release of a picture entitled "Why Men Leave Home" seems, on the face of it, like a good explanation of why so many men (also women and children) stay home these nights and listen to the radio. It is just such "box-office titles" that are pulling ex-fans from the film parlors and driving them into the omnivorous mouth of a loud speaker.

When viewed, "Why Men Leave Home" proves to be considerably more palatable than its label would indicate. It is actually a pretty fair picture—and exceptional acting makes it so.

Lewis Stone and Helene Chadwick are the hero and heroine, respectively, and a rather frayed copy of the New York *Evening World* is the villain. All three fulfil their missions acceptably. Miss Chadwick is the young wife, Mr. Stone the husband, and the *World* the newspaper which he will read all evening.

"Why Men Leave Home" is, for the most part, plotless and casual—but it is based upon the fundamental truths of reality and is, in consequence, interesting. Toward the end, it makes a bold effort to develop the implication in its title, and it then achieves stupidity.

Mr. Stone and Miss Chadwick are both skilled workers and can derive the utmost value from a thoroughly commonplace situation. Their selection for the principal rôles in this picture is an evidence that even producers who exploit phrases like "Why Men Leave Home" have occasional lapses into intelligence.

### "Men"

COMMENDABLE economy is displayed by the sponsors of "Men." They convey as much in their title as does "Why Men

Leave Home," but with the elimination of three words and a consequent saving of electric-light bulbs.

"Men" is Pola Negri's latest, and best, American picture. Following as it does her excellent performance in "Shadows of Paris," it substantiates the belief that she has at last emerged from the slough of Hollywood and returned to the glory that was hers.

Miss Negri is directed in "Men" by Dmitri Buchowetzki, another importation from Poland, who knows how to talk her language and to support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed. Their combination is a thoroughly happy one, and productive of worthy results.

"Men" is beautifully acted in every department, and its scenes are strikingly staged. Mr. Buchowetzki deals in pictures rather than words—the fundamental principle in moving-picture technique and the one most frequently neglected by our movie technicians.



"OH, WILLIE! THE BROWN DERBY IS MUCH MORE BECOMING!"

### Confession

AS every critic is supposed to nourish a secret desire to be something bigger and better, I may as well come forth now and confess that some day I intend to retire to a monastery and make for myself a motion picture. Distant as that day may be, it is not too early to start preparations.

My picture will be produced by a process of elimination; being an essentially destructive critic, I shall begin with the elements that I don't want in the film, and when I have exhausted them (and myself), I shall go on with the purely creative work.

Here, for instance, is a typical scene: A poor girl is shown carrying home a fish for her supper. The fish is wrapped in a newspaper. When she has untied the parcel and her meal is simmering on the stove, she naturally glances through the paper to see what's going on in the great world outside. At this point, she will not discover a news item announcing that the man who had wrecked her life is to be married the very next day to Miss Sylvia Van Rensselaer De Puyter in a big Society wedding.

Again, in the early stages of the film a character will be seen to place a revolver in a desk drawer, with close-up of the revolver. This weapon will not be used, or referred to, in any subsequent scene.

There will be no sub-titles which start with the word "came."

PERHAPS some of the rough readers of this page can help me out with my movie. It must be representative of all the best minds. Suggestions are solicited—but remember, I don't want any constructive criticism.

Robert E. Sherwood.



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### The Floating Hell

A party of English explorers bound for the Antarctic have been presented by well-wishers with sixteen gramophones, six bagpipes and two saxophones. That ought to teach them to explore.

—*Punch (London)*.

### Decadence

BOY: Don't sit there, sir—that seat's broke.

TESTY OLD GENTLEMAN: Humph, in my young days boys had a sense of humor.—*Columbia Jester*.

### Everywhere Else

STRANGER: Where can a fellow get a drink in New York?

NEW YORKER: Any place but the five-and-ten-cent store.

—*Virginia Reel*.

"Is there much work on a farm?"  
"Of chores!"—*Toronto Telegram*.



"OH, IT'S AWFUL. I'VE JUST FOUND OUT THAT MY HUSBAND HAS KISSED THE COOK SINCE WE'VE BEEN MARRIED—AND WE'VE HAD FOURTEEN!"

—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen)*.

### Oral Exam

An East Side pantsmaker who has become quite a figure in the movie producing world was recently selecting a chief for his scenario staff. The producer insisted that the successful applicant must be a college graduate. He looked with favor upon one applicant and asked if he had had a college education. He received an affirmative reply.

"Show your diploma," demanded the producer. The applicant tried to explain that it was not customary for college graduates to carry diplomas around with them.

"Well, then," demanded the producer, with just a slight sneer, "say me a big woid."—*O. O. McIntyre, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

### The Contest Answerer

"You wish to marry my daughter? But what, sir, are your prospects?"

"Well, sir—I'm very good at finishing limericks."—*London Opinion*.

THERE is only one thing we still find a complete and total mystery, and that is the home life of a floorwalker.

—*Akron Times*.

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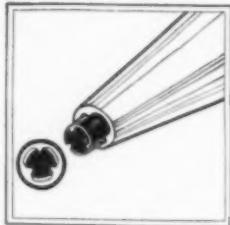
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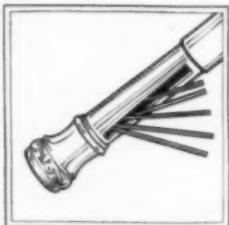
You need pay no more for the new Eversharp. Prices are still from \$3 to \$10 for gold-filled or sterling silver pencils. But you can buy Evershars from \$1 to \$50.

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Eversharp's rifled tip, the patented invention which first made a good mechanical pencil possible, has now been perfected! Relief spaces between the lead-gripping teeth positively prevent clogging or jamming. Still the lead is held firmly at the point.

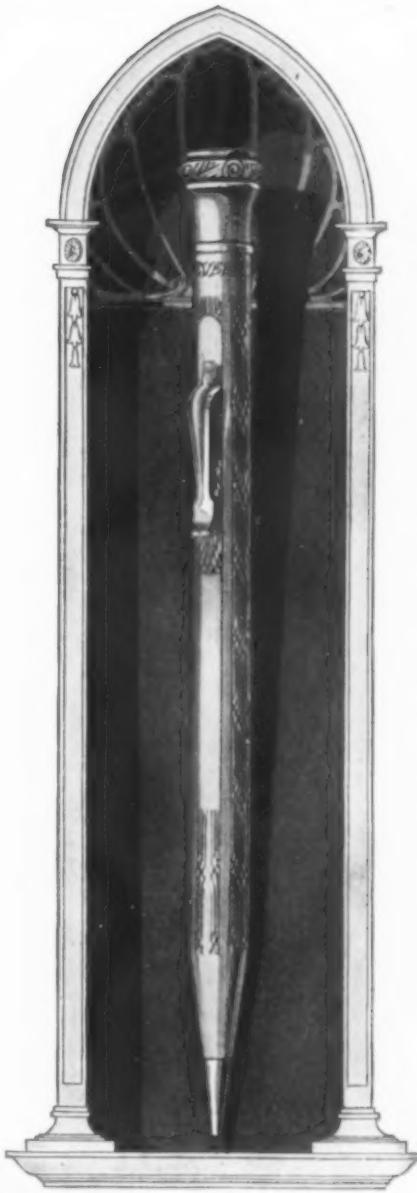


[2] Extra Leads Accessible Immediately  
In the perfected Eversharp, a new lead can be drawn from the magazine instantly. You can always see how much reserve lead you have. One pull at the Eversharp cap shows how much lead is left of the stick you are using.



[3] Refilled Almost Instantly

Diagram shows trigger which releases plunger when lead is used up. It is no longer necessary to unscrew the barrel—one pull—insert lead—one push—a turn. That's all there is to reloading the new Eversharp.



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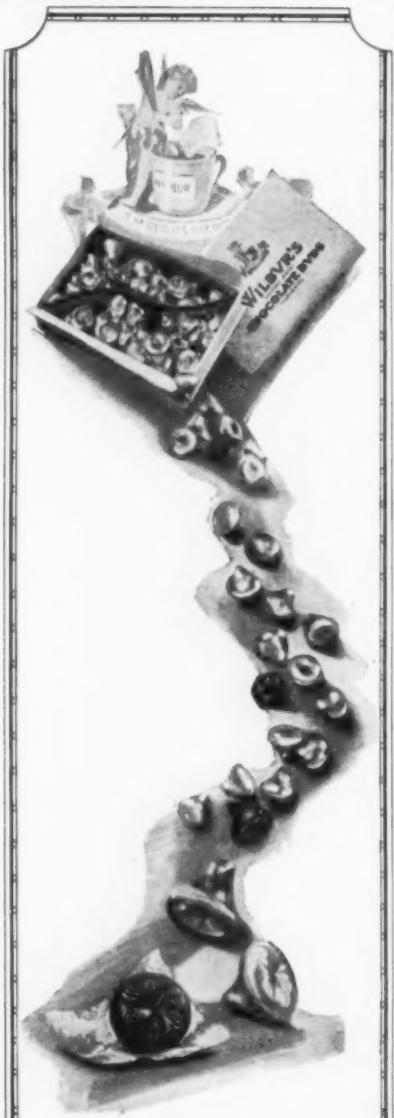
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It can now be changed in a few seconds.

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(To the Scottish Syncopated Orchestra in London)

O Cal—edonia so—stern and—so wild,  
How shall—thy minor—to jazz be—be—  
guiled,  
Dourest of—nations—thy new syn—co—  
pations,  
How is—the brogue of—poor Robbie—  
defiled!

Bluebells—of Scotland—the Campbells—  
are coming,  
Bagpipes—a-reel an' the—  
tum-tumming!  
Poor An—nie Laurie—an' Robin—Adair!  
Ragtime—zig-zagtime; na, gie us nae  
mair!

—London Daily Chronicle.

### An Outline of Shakespeare

This extract is from an entrance examination paper in English literature, the authenticity of which is vouched for by a Wesleyan teacher:

"Brutus and Cassius were both in love with Shylock's daughter. Cassius was envious of Brutus, and after a while Shylock's daughter said that she would marry the one that would choose the casket that had her picture in it. Brutus chose the right one, and this made Cassius mad and he stabbed Brutus in the duel. The motive that prompted Cassius was envy and the motive that prompted Brutus was love of country."

—Florida Times-Union.

### Censorship in Australia

The Sunday-school teacher who edits the stories for one of our boys' papers has weird ideas of how our nippers speak. The author of a recent yarn had made one of his juvenile Australians exclaim heatedly: "You silly blighters!" In print it was: "You foolish nincompoops!"—Bulletin (Sydney).

### Two Very Small Towns

Jimmy Savo says his native town was so small they had to stand the rhubarb on end to keep it in the city limits. Fred Allen, his partner in "Vogues," says the town that brags about being his birthplace is so small that "Abie's Irish Rose" played it only two weeks.

—New York Evening World.

### Routine Stuff

FRESHMAN (to fraternity brother): Some one wants you on the phone.

FRATERNITY BROTHER: Well, if it's a girl tell her I'll be there and if it's a man tell him I'll take a pint.

—West Virginia Moonshine.

"MARRY in haste and—what's the rest of it?"

"Drive the dressmaker crazy."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It can't get lost It can't get lost

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"THEY DO THINK A LOT OF THEM, BECAUSE THEY CAN PLAY THEM IN THE RAIN—THEY'RE DAYTON STEEL RACQUETS."

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**Mrs. Pep's Diary**

(Continued from page 25)

his bad score. I was prompted to add, No, not even your tongue, but decided it were more Christian-like to hold my own.

**May 30th**

Early up, giving final orders to my household against my absence. Then did on my new black tailleur, the smartest costume that ever I had in my life, and the new turban with my diamond ornament, and by train to Northampton, to foregather with a committee of my classmates over the plans for our coming reunion at Commencement time. And I was twenty-one again the minute I stepped into Mr. Kiley's jitney, as I always am when I revisit my Alma Mater, so that later, dining at Boyden's, it seemed strange to be speculating on the wrapping of the chicken cutlets which I devoured so eagerly and unquestioningly in the days when intestines were not even a name to me. And Harriet Deans confessed that she never thought of the cheese dreams we used to consume at four in the afternoon without making straight for the bicarbonate of soda. Much talk all evening of signs and parade stunts, and so to bed exhausted, with the College Hall clock striking only ten.

**May 31st**

Up and dressed by seven-thirty, so astonishing a feat that I wired the news to Sam on the way to breakfast, which we ate at the Alumnae House, very fine, too,

**for wrinkles  
about the eyes**

**E**LIZABETH ARDEN has made her nourishing VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM. Excellent for crow's feet and sunken aging eyes. Feeds the delicate tissues around the eyes, fills out hollows, smooths away fine lines of strain and squinting. Makes the muscles about the eyes firm and young-looking, tones relaxed wrinkled lids. Pat the Cream gently around the eyes, leaving it on over night. \$1.50.

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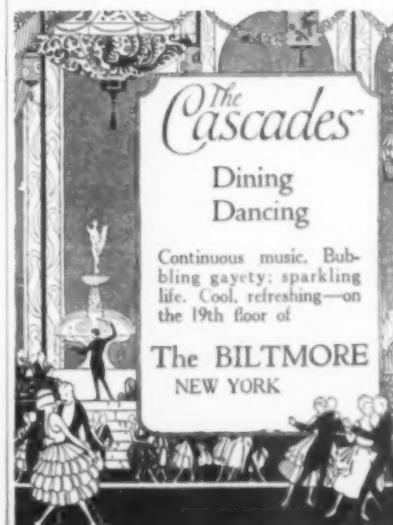
of lush strawberries and eggs Worcestershire. Thence to chapel, where the hymn, to my delight, was Now, When the Dusky Shades of Night, Retreating, and all the Seniors looked to me like little girls. On the platform I did behold the English instructor, now a professor, for whom I once did write a paper on The Jew of Malta without ever having read it, a sin of which the remembrance has always troubled me, nor would it surprise me when I die if the A-plus he gave me be found written across my heart.

*Baird Leonard.***Financial Tip**

"If you are going to borrow money, borrow from a pessimist."

"Why a pessimist?"

"He never expects to get it back."



## Be One of the Million a Week



*Today Get Your*

## 1-2-3-4 *Boncilla* *Facial*

EVER stop to do a bit of thinking about barber shops? Ever give full credit to the always-on-the-job men behind the chairs?

In you walk, with a shaggy mane and a crop of whiskers that cover a fagged face more run down than a used car. Then, with the skill of an artist and the dexterity of an artisan, Mr. Barber transforms you and you walk out new and shining and as full of power as a 1924 model.

### New Men for Old

Your locks have been trimmed just right. The black whisker stubble has been removed. *And you're had a Boncilla Facial!*

Every pore has been opened and cleansed. Lazy blood vessels have been put back at work. Tissues and muscles have been toned and nourished. The lines have been ironed out. *You're as good as new!*

It's been a 1-2-3-4 job. 1—Boncilla Pack. 2—Boncilla Cold Cream. 3—Boncilla Vanishing Cream. 4—Boncilla Powder. And it took just a few short minutes!

### Give "Her" a Treat

Stop at the toilet goods counter, get a Boncilla Set and take it to "her." The Ideal Set, containing full-size packages in a gift box, is the smile-bringer, or the Pack-O-Beauty, at 50c, will please her a lot.

Get yours—get hers—get 'em both today.



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Inc.  
Indianapolis, Ind.  
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Laboratories, Ltd.  
Toronto : Ontario

### The Eight-Oared Shell Game

CREW races, as engaged in by collegiate stalwarts, are lifetimes of daily dozens concentrated into approximately twenty minutes of anonymous effort. This from the viewpoint of the oarsmen. For the coxswains they are no more violent than, later in their lives, will be half an hour's brisk trading in U. S. Steel Common.

The swingers of the 'varsity sweeps typify the Greek physical ideal (see regatta day newspaper stories for authentication), and the coxswains represent a later civilization: our own. A coxswain is born to a place on a Board of Directors, or to membership in a stock brokerage firm.

\* \* \*

The undeniable lure about intercollegiate regattas, aside from the quaint beauties of unpainted shacks along the river's brim, is the weird uncertainty of it all; the great gamble.

Year after year one fares (and railroads are not exactly modest in their demands)—one fares forth hoping to learn through actual observation which crew really won. Year after year one returns home to read about it in the morning papers and find that it was the other boat which sneaked first across the finish line under cover of darkness.

\* \* \*

The uncertainties are not the only joys; there are the certainties, also.

One may be sure that each regatta day will provide at least one feminine guest who will need continual correction about the relative color schemes of Harvard and Yale. And the betting is 8-1; 7-2, and out, that the fallen gin bottle will not be noticed until the starting jerk of the observation train topples it harshly onto the roadbed, with results satisfactory only to Volstead.

But it is all such fun; oh, well, anyway, such-and-such fun. Despite the discomforts, one would not miss it for the world—or, won't some kind lady or gentleman make a small offer just to start the bidding?

J. K. M.



COLLEGE COLORS

# Drive to the Great Lakes

Here is a country of inexhaustible attraction to the auto tourist. There are 2,000 miles of paved roads in this great vacation ground—and

Be Sure to Visit Niagara!

## To Go to NIAGARA— Come to Buffalo

Come and live in comfort and luxury at Hotel Statler—only twenty-two miles from the Falls—and take your choice of five different ways of making the short and pleasant trip. The new Statler (on Niagara Square) is a delightful hotel in every sense, and a visit to it will add no little to the pleasure of your vacation trip.

Just across the street from the hotel is the brand-new Statler Garage, a six-story, 500-car garage with service on every floor and all the convenience that can be built into a service-structure. Cars are driven to location under their own power; double-row parking is eliminated; and incoming and outgoing cars never have to meet or pass each other.

### And the Lakes' Country

New paved roads—a continuous pleasant highway west from Buffalo or east from Chicago—take you through the summer playground that offers almost any sort of recreation you seek. From Detroit they lead you into the wonderland of Michigan resorts, over the new Michigan Trail. In whatever direction you go you will find beauty and pleasure.

### Stop at the Statlers

There are Statler Hotels at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, and in each of them you will find comforts and conveniences that will add greatly to the pleasure of your vacation. Each of these cities—as well as the resorts nearby and the pleasure-grounds to which they are the gate-ways—is well worth a long visit.

And Statler service is guaranteed.

### Guarantee of Statler Service:

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

*Emerson*



Both these Books are Yours  
for the Asking

Here are two interesting booklets. One of them gives you fourteen photos taken from an airplane on the trip from Buffalo to Niagara; the other, maps, running directions and other information about the 2,000 miles of good touring along the Lake Erie-Niagara Trail, and the Michigan Trail. Ask for both.

### TEAR THIS OUT AND MAIL IT

To Hotel Statler, Executive Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Please send me your booklet on the Niagara Falls trip, and folder (with maps) on the Great Lakes Tours.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ 103

### HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.

CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.

DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.

ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.

BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

# STATLER and Statler-operated HOTELS

### Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

# CRICHTON & CO. LTD.

*Goldsmiths and Silversmiths*

New York-636. Fifth Avenue (corner of 51<sup>st</sup> Street)  
Chicago-618. So. Michigan Avenue.

THE art of reproduction is expressed in its highest degree in the copies of classic old English Silver patterns made by the Crichton craftsmen in London. Authentic old English, Irish and Scottish Silver may also be seen at the Crichton Galleries



Crichton Reproduction of a charming Queen Anne Silver Tea Set

**KAYWOODIE**  
ITALIAN BRUYÈRE  
FOUR DOLLARS AND UP

A Kaywoodie is always good form. The white clover in the stem is proof of the smoker's good taste. It is known as the mark of the finest Bruyère pipe made. A Kaywoodie pipe is always unconditionally guaranteed and there is no import duty included in its price.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY  
The Oldest Pipe House in America  
33 East 17th Street, New York City  
ESTABLISHED 1851



THE ARISTOCRAT OF  
ARROW COLLARS

is of medium height and has ample room  
for the larger cravats - 20 cts.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS, TROY, N.Y.

### The Modern Maid

"Miss \_\_\_\_\_ was, apparently, quite nonchalant about it, because while she and the Count were sitting in the little anteroom off the chapel, awaiting the hymeneal offices of Mr. McCormack, she smoked a cigarette with evident delight."

—*New York Evening World.*

THE girl stood on the burning bridge,  
Whence all had fled in fright,  
She coolly smoked a cigarette  
With evident delight.

A raging mad rhinoceros  
Charged down with all his might,  
And still she smoked a cigarette  
With evident delight.

They tied her to a large balloon,  
And loosed it in the night,  
She only smoked a cigarette  
With evident delight.

They pushed her off the Matterhorn,  
And in her headlong flight  
She blithely smoked a cigarette  
With evident delight.

They took her to the Kansas home  
Of William Allen White,  
And there she smoked a cigarette  
With evident delight.

\* \* \*

O Maid, at Heaven's gates ajar,  
An awe-inspiring sight,  
Say, will you smoke your cigarette  
With evident delight?

H. W. H.

### Commencement Speeches

THE DEAN:

"Another year over, thank God! Mary, have you seen my fishing things?"

THE OLD GRAD:

"We certainly ran these exercises better in our day!"

THE PROUD FATHER:

"My son is finishing at his college to-day, and you will hereafter send all bills to him direct."

THE SON:

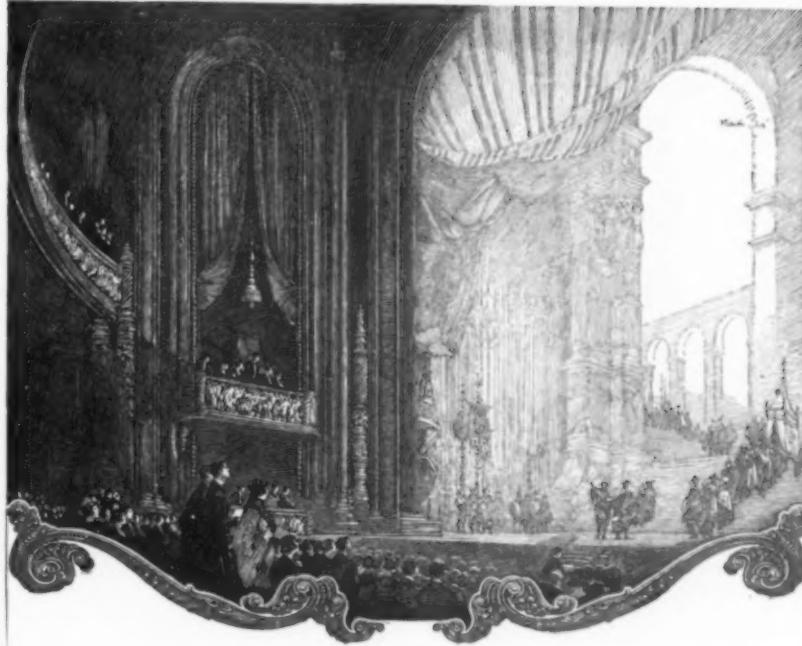
"Well, no more petting parties for a while, I guess. Wonder who will buy my coonskin coat. Wonder if dad will give me a job."

THE SON'S GIRL:

"Too bad he's through. It's been a nice meal ticket for four years, and his bootlegger was a wonder. Let's see, what freshmen do I know?"

A. C. M. A., Jr.

PRINCESS MARY probably does not object to little Master Lascelles' romping with Grandpa, but she does not want him to learn to ride a cockhorse from his Uncle Ed.



### AT THE THEATER

THE modern theater goer quite naturally anticipates hearing a pipe organ in any well-appointed theater. Many of the best houses feature their organ programs quite as much as they do their attractions on stage or screen. Metropolitan theaters avail themselves of the organ to augment the tonal effects of the full orchestra. Smaller houses use it to supplant the orchestra entirely —a measure of economy for the owner that is at the same time an added delight to his patrons.

The Estey Theater Organ is especially designed for its mission. Its extreme flexibility permits it to interpret the changing moods of a motion picture with utter fidelity. Its wide range enables it to match in tone and shading all the laughter and tears and eternal thrill of the age-old human drama.

Estey Pipe Organs are also built for homes, churches, hotels and concert halls. Each is planned and built for its specific purpose according to location and volume of sound required, but all are alike in their perfection of tone and construction.

*Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vermont*



**Confession**

I LIKE Binksey—I like to have him around.

Whenever I feel grouchy I can take it out on him because he owes me money. If anything goes wrong at the office, or I slip up on a big sale I had counted on putting over, five minutes with Binksey and I'm feeling better. He can't deny he's a failure, no matter how brusquely I tell him about it. It really is no end comforting to find some one who has slipped just a rung or two farther down the ladder than you, yourself.

Sometimes, the Government gets on my nerves. Duties on imports are so high it's cut our profit in half...but then, there's Binksey. He has always believed in protective tariff—though heaven knows why. He's never had any home products to protect. Anyhow, it's nice to point out to him: "What's the Government ever done for you, you poor fish! If it weren't for us you'd have starved long ago. And yet when the country's laws are trying to put me out of business, you stick up for them! That's gratitude!"

A few minutes of that sort of haranguing and I feel like a new man. My troubles slip away and I can almost enjoy my game of pinochle—I always win, of course. Not that Binksey lets me. He's just not my match at cards. Why, only last night he was 'way ahead of me and then he began to forget to meld his cards and first thing he knew I had passed him and won the game. He only grinned foolishly over his gross incompetence and remarked: "By golly, I was afraid for a moment you weren't going to catch up."

Idiot! As if I couldn't catch up to him at any time.

My wife often asks me why I insist on having Binksey around the house so much. She says I fight with him all the time and never fail to contradict every statement he makes. She says I also point out his faults to him at every opportunity. She seems to be fond of the fellow. She says she likes his cultured, old-fashioned ways, his unmistakable good breeding, his fine taste in literature—and all that sort of rot.

Of course, Binks is a college man and he writes poetry. But he can't write a check. I think he's only about half-witted, too. He's forever quoting silly lines some old duffer thought up centuries ago and he never fails to divide his few pennies with any beggar he happens to meet.

One would think he'd be a demoralizing influence. As a matter of fact he would be on any one less strong than I. But in spite of all his shortcomings, I like to have him around.

For I am a success—and Binksey is a failure.

L. M.



## You Men Are Alike

When I learned what 1,000 men wanted in a Shaving Cream, I knew what millions wanted

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

**GENTLEMEN:**

I asked 1,000 men what they most desired in shaving cream.

We worked 18 months to perfect for you the ideal shaving cream. We made up and discarded 130 separate formulas.

After 130 trials, we made a shaving cream which no man yet has matched. It excels in lather, in quickness, in durability. It excels in fine after-effects. It excels above all, in strong bubbles.

### 5 things you wanted

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so a tiny bit suffices for a shave.

It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water.

It maintains its creamy full-

ness for ten minutes on the face.

Super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. No hairs falling down.

The palm and olive oil content leaves fine after-effects.

### We ask a test

This is not written to sell you Palmolive Shaving Cream.

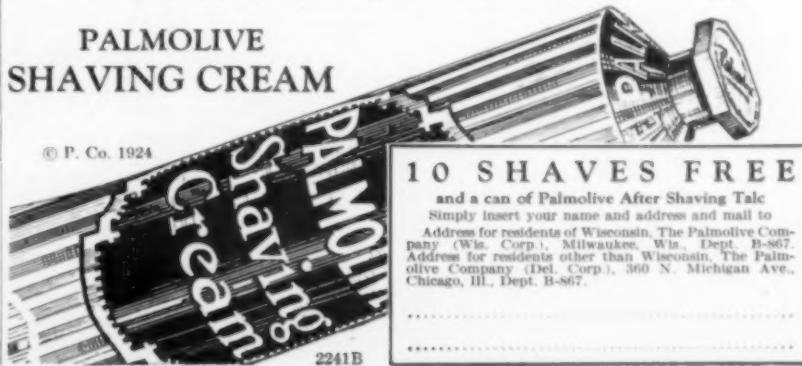
We ask a test at our cost—a ten-shave test. We will then accept your verdict. If we fail, we don't. Please, in fairness to yourself and us, mail this coupon to us.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

© P. Co. 1924



### 10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

Address for residents of Wisconsin: The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B-867

Address for residents other than Wisconsin: The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-867



## Melons are 90% Water

but the other tenth is a miracle of fragrance and flavor and texture, the most luscious product of Mother Earth and Father Sunshine.

To give the melon its 90% of water in the right way you must have a good garden hose and know how to use it correctly. The shortest cut is to send 10 cents for our booklet

*"Making the Garden Grow"*



written by a prominent horticulturist and printed by us for our friends the gardeners. Thousands of gardeners are our friends, having made our acquaintance through GOOD LUCK Garden Hose.

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153 Portland St., Cambridge, Mass.

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To restore your hat in more or less the same condition as when you checked it.

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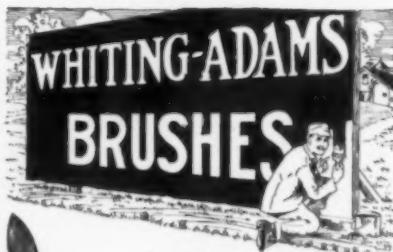
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Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years  
and the Largest in the World



## Safe Milk

*For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.*  
Avoid Imitations

### If the Valedictorian Really Spoke His Mind

MR. PRESIDENT, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

Our class has now come to the end of its college course, and it has fallen to me to bid our official farewell. In leaving this dear old place where we have lived for four long years—some of us longer than that—we should be derelict indeed did we fail to render to the University a heritage, however slight, of our deep hopes for her future betterment, and the betterment of those who come after us.

As I look at the towering elms that have cast their shadows over so many thousands of undergraduates, I am reminded of the fact that just about the best thing the curator of grounds and buildings could do would be to repair the benches along Lovers' Lane and for Pete's sake remove the electric lights therefrom.

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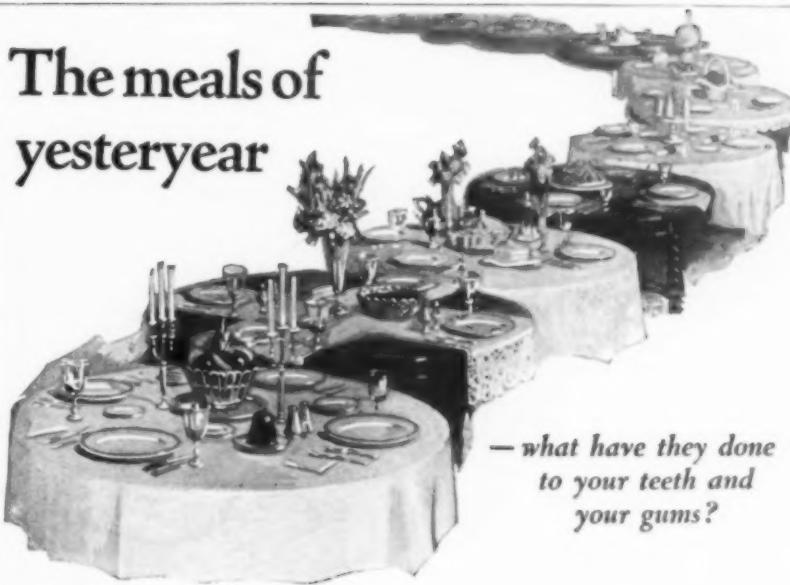
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A. C. M. A., Jr.



## The meals of yesteryear



—what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

THE FOOD we eat has a great effect upon the condition of our teeth. But it is even more definitely responsible for the trouble that some of us have with our gums.

For this soft, creamy food of civilization, eaten over a long period of time, and eaten too often in haste, has robbed the gums of the stimulation, of the work and massage, which coarse food and slow mastication should give.

As a result, we are experiencing trouble with our gums. Even teeth

which have been well preserved by good care and frequent cleaning are not immune from troubles due to a weakened gum structure.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Many people find that their gums are tender. They report to their dentists that their gums have a tendency to bleed. And the dentist will tell them that this appearance of "pink toothbrush" is a sign that their gums need stimulation and exercise.

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Name.....

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City..... State.....



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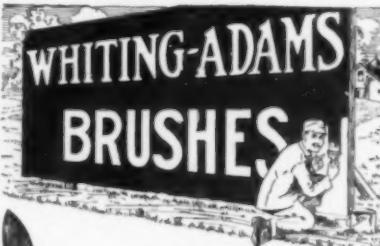
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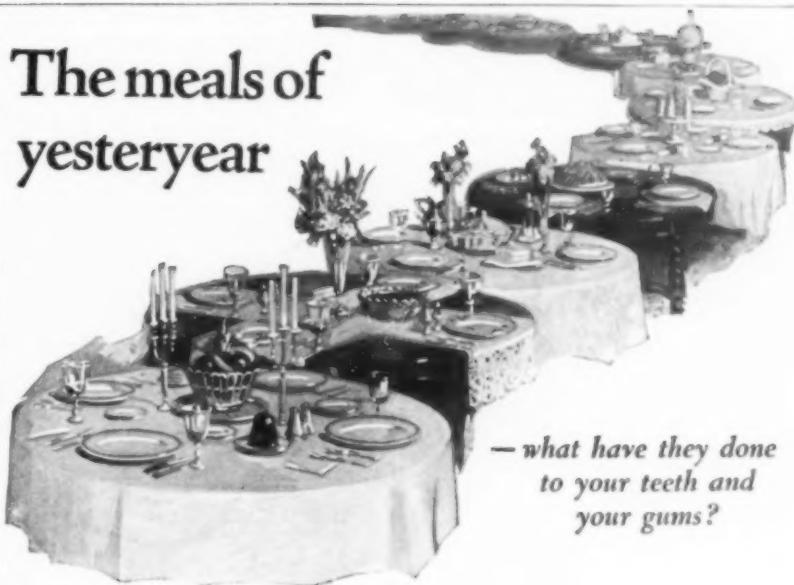
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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*A danger signal —  
tender and bleeding gums*

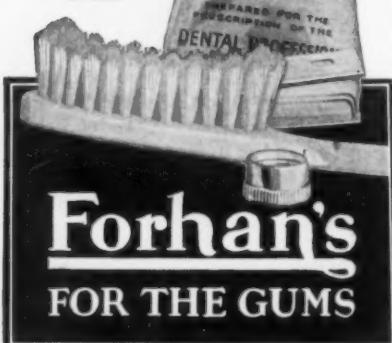
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Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada.

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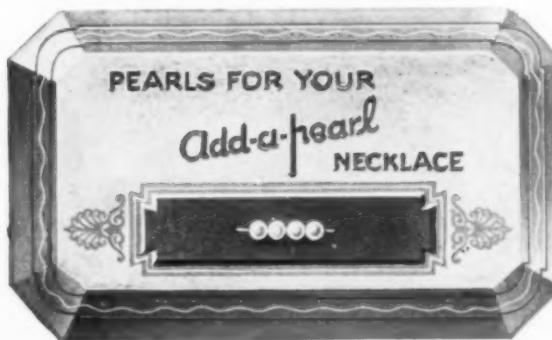
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